

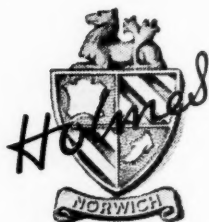
PUNCH

JULY
20
1949

Vol. CCXVII
No. 5668

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Kumfrees



Designers and makers of
fine shoes for ladies

N1097

Eating pig-dishes abroad this year?

Will you be tasting again the delicious Scandinavian Smorgasbord, or a Jambon à la Metternich, or just plain ham, of which the world outside has so much?

How do these countries do it after a war? Here's the answer.

Country	Ratio of pigs reared to human population
Denmark	1 pig to 2 persons
France	1 " " 6 "
U.S.A.	1 " " 2.5 "
Canada	1 " " 3 "
Germany (Bizonia)	1 " " 4.5 "
Britain	1 " " 20 "

If the new pig rations bring the pig population of Britain to $3\frac{1}{2}$ million the ratio will still only be 1 pig to 14.2 persons.

So how can you expect a nice Jambon de Parme (let alone a Marsh Ham!)

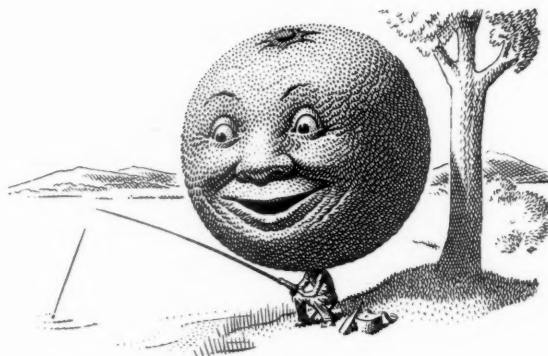
Continue to press for more feeding stuffs for pigs. This isn't politics, it is plain commonsense.

Issued by
MARSH & BAXTER LTD
in the interests of National nutrition

—Marsh & Baxter Ltd, Brierley Hill, makers of the famous Marsh Hams

WHO DRANK THE ORANGE SQUASH?

I did, said the Fisherman



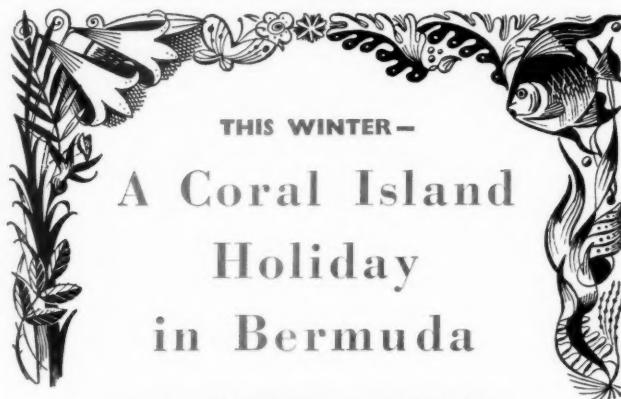
You'll never 'catch me' without



IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink

Squashes 3/- per bottle



THIS WINTER —

A Coral Island Holiday in Bermuda

FOR UNLIMITED ENJOYMENT

In BERMUDA the pink and white sand is washed by the Gulf Stream. In BERMUDA time is a tranquil flow of dream-like days and glittering nights. In BERMUDA you can sail or ride, fish or play golf, and the idling is the best in the world. The average temperature in BERMUDA in January is 63°. In BERMUDA modern hotels offer supreme comfort, and there are no currency restrictions at all. The return fare is £148 by air in winter, and hotel charges are from £2 a day. The fare by ship is from £120 return.

Ask any Travel Agent for particulars, or write to :
THE BERMUDA GOVERNMENT INFORMATION OFFICE,
WINDSOR HOUSE, 83, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

Telephone . HOL. 0487



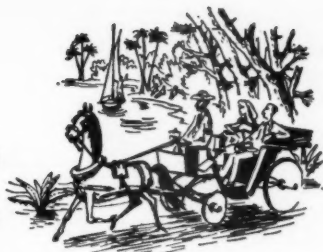
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Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

Quality
Incomparable

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices:
Per bottle 32/4; Half-bottle 16/11 U.K. only

**BERMUDA is
an open book**



to Poly Tours

We know the secrets of every little sandy cove; we know just the hotel you would choose yourself; we know the best places to eat and the most exciting things to see and do; in fact we know sun-kissed Bermuda inside out.

Last year we had a brilliantly successful season there; and this year we plan an even better one. And, remember, when you travel with Poly Tours—alone or on one of our direct escorted tours from London on Dec. 6th and Jan. 26th—you travel without a care; also escorted departures via New York on Oct. 22nd, Nov. 10th, Feb. 8th, March 3rd and April 6th. Prices are less than you'd expect.

Send for the Programme—it's FREE

Printed in full colour, it is packed full of valuable information. Send for it to-day, before you forget, to:—

POLY TOURS, 311K Regent Street, London, W.1
Telephone: MAYfair 8100



JAMAVANA
Jamaica's Finest Cigar

FAIR-WEATHER

FASHION FOR MEN



Correct for
fair-weather wear!
Elegant, hand-sewn
... gloves by Dent's

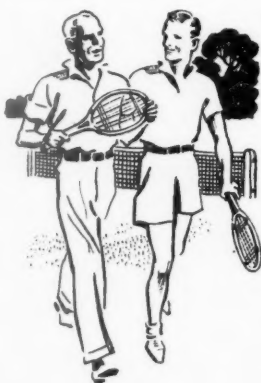
A WELL-DRESSED MAN does not discard his gloves with his overcoat! Many men are now choosing these handsome lightweights by Dent's for Town wear this summer.

They are gloves with a *plus*. They have "hidden fit"—the secret in the cutting process that enables a glove to "give" to the hand, yet never lose its shape. That is why Dent's gloves can always be relied on to look so smart, fit so perfectly, and feel so comfortable.

Look for the Dent's label in the inside. It is the most famous glove label in the world, and your guarantee of style and superb quality.

DENT'S
GLOVES

WORN BY DISCRIMINATING MEN

"That was
a good set!"

"Yes—and that reminds me, young fellow, I've got you a Wilkinson Razor Set for your birthday. I've found that for sheer value you can't beat a Wilkinson Long Life Hollow Ground blade—its fine, keen edge will give you the smoothest, cleanest shave you've ever had, and what's more, *it'll last you longer!* Made by a firm who have been forging cutting edges for over 170 years, that's not really surprising. And, believe it or not, it will still be serving you when you come to give *your* youngster this same advice..."



Tom Beasley,
Famous Wilkinson
Swordsmith



Illustrated here is the Wilkinson Safety Razor 7-day Set, including Wilkinson Self-Stropping Hollow Ground Blades. Price 60/- (inc. P.T.) Ask your stockist to show you this and other sets in the range, from 21/-.

Wilkinson
Razors

The Wilkinson Sword Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.4.

Nail Nippers Pruning Shears Fencing Equipment Ice Skates



What! Still Winding?

Just as typewriting has taken the place of handwriting in every self-respecting business house, so has the hand winding of clocks given place to 'time from the mains'. Smiths "Sectric" Clocks need no winding and are sold by Smiths Stockists.

MODERN PEOPLE
USE

SMITHS SECTRIC
CLOCKS

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd

Combines its own
face lotion *

★ and so shave all of us!

Ingram's generous lather softens the toughest beard—soothes the most tender skin. Why? Because it contains an after-shave lotion with a before-shave action. Yes, you'll find an Ingramshave a great comfort.



I BELIEVE YOU LOVE
YOUR MURRAY'S
MORE THAN ME!

Tunnel of Love
EXIT



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

**MURRAY'S
MELLOW MIXTURE**

4/1½d. an ounce

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST,
NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos
have been skilfully blended for over 130 years

SHERRY
FACTS

"Mostly a
matter
of nose"

Wines made from the same Vineyards in Spain acquire different characteristics—the result of fermentation. The art of blending these wines which become Sherry is "mostly a matter of nose" but so that these particular characteristics can be repeated by the accuracy, skill and art of the expert, specimen samples of all Fernandez Sherrys are kept for years in the Bodegas at Jerez.

That is one reason why Fernandez Sherrys are consistently of the finest quality.

Fernandez

SHERRY
Produce of Spain

Sole Importers: Twiss &
Browning & Halliwell Ltd., 1 Vineyard Place, E.C.4

Interior Decoration with inside knowledge

MAYBE the problem is to transmute bare walls and floors to beauty and gracious comfort; or merely (though this sometimes is harder) to devise attractive decor by rearrangement and addition. "So apt" so aptly describes the work of Gill & Reigate in interior decoration; and their reputation has grown in stature by the sustained excellence of conception and execution.

By inquiry on your own particular project, the craftsman-like understanding of Gill & Reigate can be revealed to you.

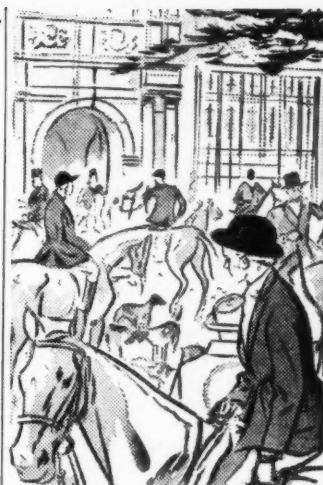
If you please, come and see

GILL & REIGATE

Interior Decoration, Period Panelling, Antique and Finest
Reproduction Furniture, Curtains, Fabrics, Carpets.

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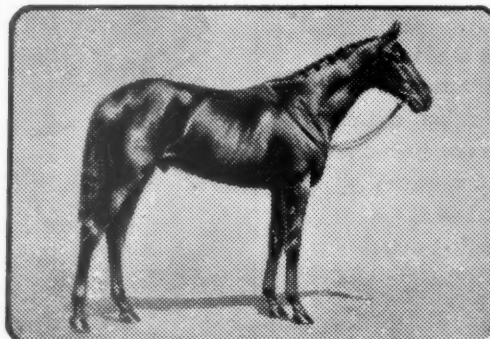
IN THE *finest*
TRADITION



FOR EVERY OCCASION

FROM GOOD SHOPS EVERYWHERE

David Cope's Gallery
OF FAMOUS RACEHORSES



SOLARIO (1922) Bay colt by Gainsborough—Sun Worship

Bred by Lord Dunraven and sold as a yearling to Sir John Russell for 3,500 guineas, SOLARIO was trained by Reg Day. He was entered for twelve races and won six, including the Ascot Derby Stakes, St. Leger, Coronation Cup and Ascot Gold Cup. In 1927, he went to stud and was later sold to Lord Glanely, for a syndicate, at 47,000 guineas. He was first of the winning stallions in 1943, and by 1948 his off-spring had won 261 races, including two Derbys.

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 34 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope, Ltd., have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you details of Cope's Confidential Credit Service?

You can
depend
on
COPE'S

DAVID COPE Ltd. Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THE NEW
Streamline
SPARKLET



Distinctive... handsome... in chromium or enamel with red, green or black relief. Price complete with Drip Tray 74/9d. Supplies very limited.

REPAIR SERVICE—Old Sparklets Syphons can now be renovated or repaired quickly at moderate cost... Write for particulars of the New Streamline Syphons or Syphon Repair Service to:

SPARKLETS LTD. LONDON N18



*Flair
for
fashion*

What is that quality which makes heads turn in the street . . . starts conversation among strangers? Style, sophistication, charm—a certain 'aura' which surrounds one woman, leaving another in shadow . . . But elegance is not heaven-sent. It means hard work—a passion for perfection in every smallest detail.

FABRICS MARKED

TEBILIZED

REGD.

HAVE TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

★ For example, when choosing a dress fabric, it is not enough for it to be labelled 'crease-resisting'. In this detail also, quality counts. No fabric is uncrushable, but all fabrics marked **TEBILIZED** resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.

*Lamb's wool cardigan in pastel
colourings or black.
Price £3.8.5 at most good stores*



You can tell at a glance—

Gleneagles

SAXONE
OF KILMARNOCK

GLENSHIEL. Women will love the cool comfort of this summery Gleneagles. Fawn calf with happy touches of indigo blue. Leather sole and heel. **50/11**

SHOPS WHEREVER YOU GO

Inviting you
to BREAKFAST



...with
The Aristocrat
of the
Breakfast Table

CHIVERS Olde English MARMALADE

Chivers & Sons Ltd • The Orchard Factory • Histon • Cambridge

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BY APPOINTMENT - C. SHIPPAM LTD. - SUPPLIERS OF MEAT AND FISH PASTES TO H.M. THE KING



Tea-time
treat—

Shippam's

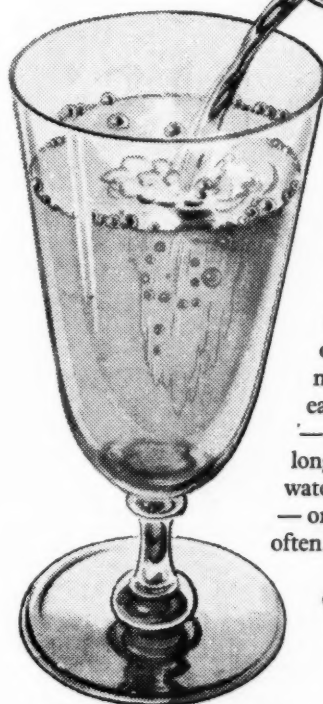
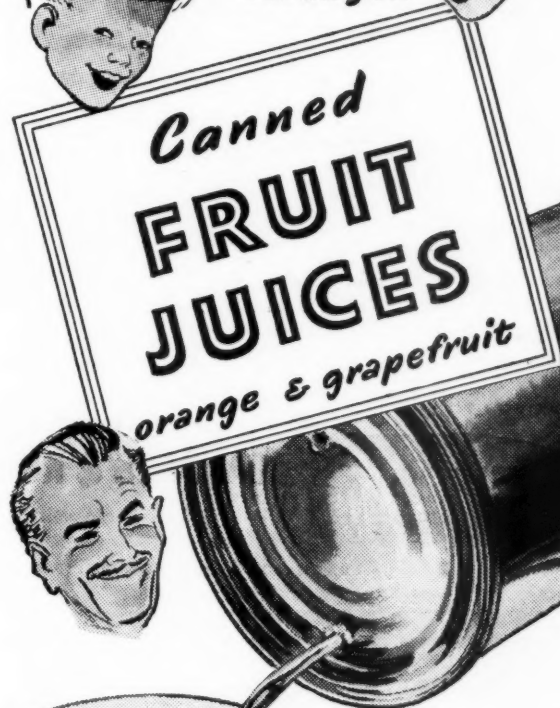
PILCHARD AND TOMATO PASTE

MADE BY SHIPPAM'S AT CHICHESTER

When it's a question
of sandwiches, what
could be nicer than
Shippam's Pilchard
and Tomato Paste?
Made from finest
Cornish Pilchards
blended with ripe
tomatoes, this tasty
paste is in good
supply. Your grocer
has some now.

OFF POINTS

these
delicious
full
strength



Here are real, fresh-
flavoured juices from
luscious oranges and
grapefruit! Good for
you, and good value
too—they cost less
than buying fresh fruit
for squeezing—it would
take about 7 oranges
or 5 grapefruit to give as
much juice as you get in
each can. Before breakfast
—as fruit cocktails— as
long drinks (with or without
water) when you're thirsty
—on picnics—serve them
often. Keep a few cans handy.

get some
today!



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S227)



BMK carpets are extra resilient and springy because they are made from the wool of Scotch Blackfaced sheep blended with other specially chosen wools. Working with these fine wools, the famous Kilmarnock weavers use the most modern looms to produce carpets and rugs of a value you don't often find these days.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL!



**MOTHPROOF
CARPETS & RUGS**

'Take a lot of beating'

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

DRINK

**EVANS'
CIDER**

from the
**"GOLDEN PIPPIN"
MILLS**

*You'll
enjoy it*

SOLE MAKERS

WILLIAM EVANS & CO. (HEREFORD AND DEVON) LTD.
WIDEMARSH, HEREFORD. Established 1850.



TRADE MARK
(Regd.)

O-Cedar
mops ARE
IN THE SHOPS



The O-Cedar Impregnated Mop preserves your floors—parquet, varnished, painted or lino—in perfect and hygienic condition. It does not scatter but removes the dust and cleans as it polishes. No bending! No kneeling! Just one easy, effortless operation!

It's O, so easy...

O, so economical... with

O-Cedar mop



In **STAINLESS STEEL**

It needs no more than washing to keep it beautifully clean and shining like Old Silver. The patent Staycool handles really do stay cool.

TEA SERVICES
CAKE STANDS
ENTREE DISHES

Old Hall

COFFEE SERVICES
CONDIMENT SETS
TOAST RACKS, ETC.

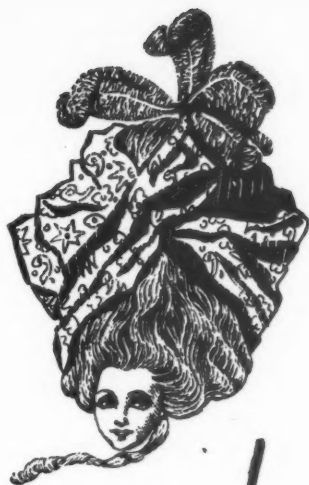
**FINEST STAINLESS STEEL
TABLEWARE**

Product of J. & J. WIGGIN LTD., Old Hall Works, BLOXWICH, Nr. WALSALL, STAFFS., ENGLAND

Punch, July 20 1949

ix

Turban Head-dress
Period George III
Circa 1780



How
Distinctive!

**HORNIMAN'S
DISTINCTIVE
TEA**
W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO., LTD. EST. 1826

"all the good that
doctors say that
burgundy does
for you is at its best
in Keystone"



11/6
flagon
5/9
half flagon

6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes.

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3.

You can always enjoy
Weston's
Oval Arrowroot



With the early cup of tea, with morning coffee, at 4 o'clock and very last thing, Weston's Oval Arrowroot are always enjoyable. Not too plain, not too sweet, and easy to digest. Made from the finest ingredients obtainable, and sent from the factories oven-fresh and temptingly crisp.

Weston's
BISCUITS

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
GRAPE FRUIT

Back for old friends abroad—but very scarce at home



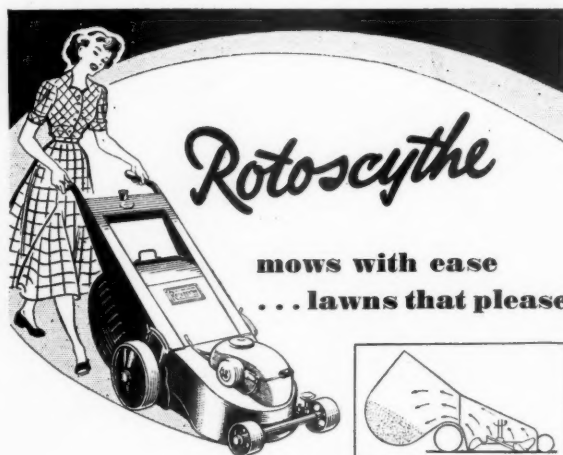
ROLLS-ROYCE

BOTH AIRCRAFT ENGINE AND
MOTOR CAR DIVISIONS

are
supplied
with

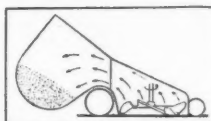
LODGE PLUGS

Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby,
England



Rotoscythe

mows with ease
... lawns that please

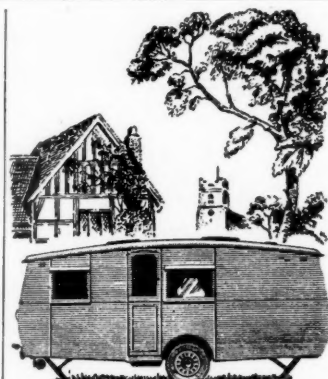


When you see this machine, mowing with such smooth precision, removing all the long, coarse stems or "bents" that so often disfigure a lawn, you will be astonished at the lightness and ease in handling. It certainly takes the hard work out of mowing! The Rotoscythe cuts like a countryman's scythe—the keen blades slice through the grass. No regrinding is required. Simultaneously it collects the cuttings by suction and the lawn is left clean and smooth. Simple and attractive in design; it is an outstanding example of British skill. Order Rotoscythe now for easy perfection in moving.

£38. 15. 0 plus purchase tax
SIDE WHEELS (as shown) EXTRA



POWER SPECIALITIES LTD · BATH ROAD WEST · SLOUGH · BUCKS



Famous ECCLES Caravans

The FIRST name in Caravans. Introduced 26 years ago and still accepted as the standard by which all Caravans are judged. Range includes the 13ft. 3/4-berth "ACTIVE," and the 15ft. 4-berth "ENTERPRISE."

Write for Catalogue. Export enquiries invited.



ECCLES (BIRMINGHAM) Ltd.
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BIRMINGHAM, 30

Phone: Kings Norton 1181 (P.B.X.)

An Annuity will offset reductions in income

For a man aged 65 (or a woman aged 70) the gross income for life from an annuity would be over 10% of the purchase money

(For residents in some countries payments are exempt from U.K. tax)

Enquire for details at your age

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

No agents (founded 1762) No commission
19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENT AT

2 1/4%

TAX PAID BY THE SOCIETY

Choose a Building Society which is large enough to give full security and yet provide the personal service of a smaller society. North of England Ordinary Shares at 2 1/4% yield a net sum of £2.5.0. on every £100. Quickly redeemable at full face value.

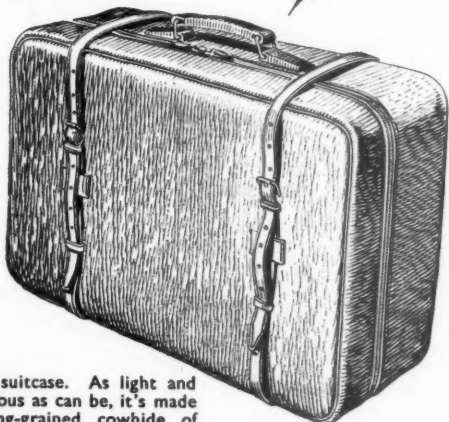
ASSETS EXCEED
£3,000,000

Write to Secretary, Dept. P

NORTH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY

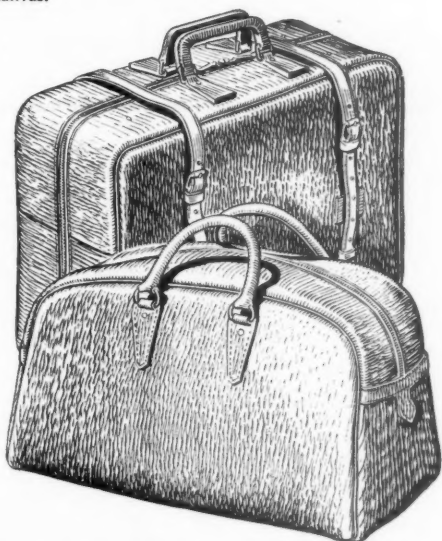
57, Fawcett Street, Sunderland.

Travel light!



Aero suitcase. As light and capacious as can be, it's made in long-grained cowhide of superlative quality, with lining to harmonize, and has inside straps and a large pocket in the lid. Slide fastening, all-round straps and a new pattern Twin-Zip lock make it triply secure. Also in brown and green canvas.

Size	Hide	Canvas
24 x 15 x 6 ins.	£21.19.11	£12.15.9
26 x 16 x 6½ ins.	£23.16.7	£13.17.1
28 x 17 x 7 ins.	£26.5.7	£15.0.11



Aero Gladstone—similar in quality and finish to the hide suitcase but divided internally for easy packing. Pockets for shirts and accessories.

Size 24 x 16 x 8½ ins.	£30.14.10
26 x 17 x 9 ins.	£32.14.6
28 x 18 x 9½ ins.	£34.12.6

Carriage Extra

The personal size bag to match has handles specially made by hand to give maximum strength and comfort in carrying; an extra wide opening; drill lining; and two pockets fitted inside.

Size 20 x 12 x 6½ ins.	£14.14.2
22 x 12 x 7½ ins.	£15.18.0
24 x 12 x 8½ ins.	£17.0.6

Travel Goods—Second Floor

HARRODS

1849

1949

HARRODS LTD

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

Fly to Italy the Italian way

ALITALIA

Italian International Airlines

You can fly Alitalia non-stop to Italy—to Milan or Rome. You travel in luxurious four-engined airliners (with British engines) captained by highly experienced, British-trained Italian pilots.

During flight you are served with delicious Italian food and wines—all free of charge, of course.

★ 1950 is a Holy Year. Reserve your passage to Rome now. Return Fares: Milan £44.2.0; Rome, £52.18.0.

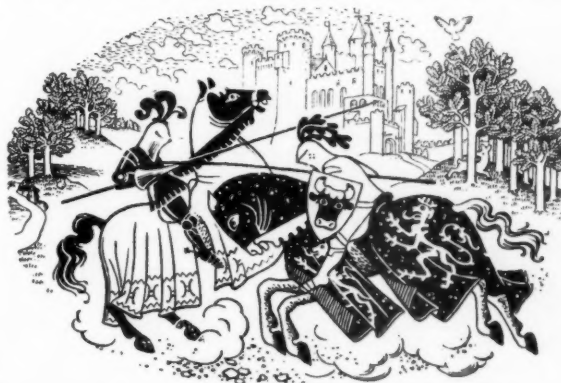
Bookings: Travel Agents, or through BEA, Dorland Hall, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone: Gerrard 9833.

Fly to Milan for Venice, Rapallo, the Lakes

Fly to Rome for Naples, Capri, Taormina



AMONG THE PRINCELY PLEASURES . . .



Pennants and plumes waving in the breeze, sunshine flashing on swift moving armour, cloth of gold and crimson and azure. Clash of lance on steel . . . and in the background the turrets and towers of Kenilworth. Thus, from the greatness of yesterday, a name for today . . . of supreme and classic quality.

Kenilworth

... one of the classic names in

3/7 for 20

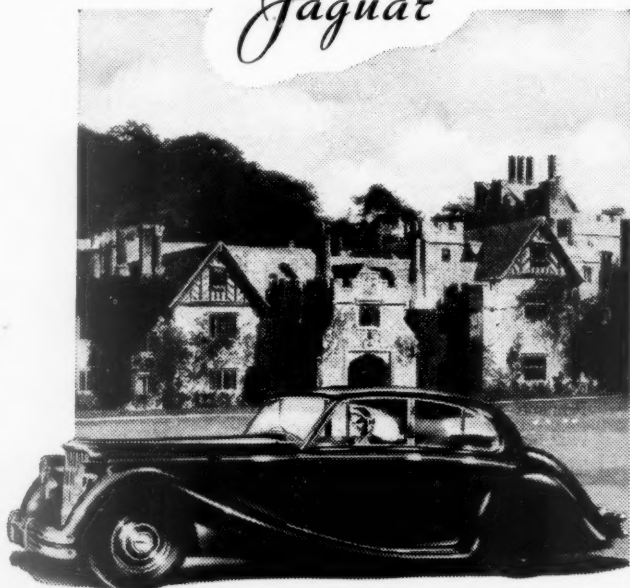
CIGARETTES

Made with Mellow Golden Virginia Leaf
BY COPE'S OF LIVERPOOL



MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK ST., LONDON, W.1 (Administration only)
Service Depots & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1,
33 Cheapside, London, E.C.2, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester. 2.

Jaguar



The Jaguar range comprises the Mark V Saloon and Drophead Coupe, on 2½ and 3½ litre chassis; and the XK Type Super Sports with 2 or 3½ litre twin overhead camshaft engine. New features of the Mark V series include: Independent front suspension, hydraulic two-leading shoe Girling brakes, new Burman recirculating ball-type steering, entirely new frame, new transmission system.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

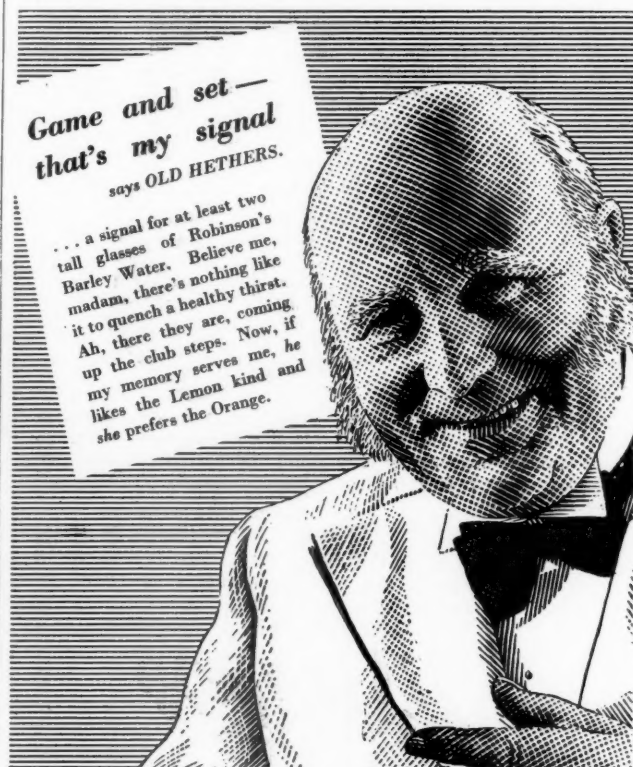


MONK & GLASS

is jolly good custard

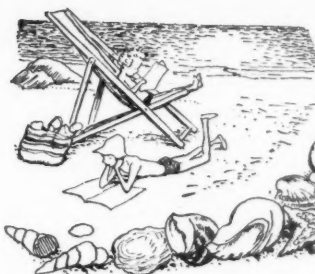
**Game and set —
that's my signal**
says OLD HETHERS.

... a signal for at least two tall glasses of Robinson's Barley Water. Believe me, madam, there's nothing like it to quench a healthy thirst. Ah, there they are, coming up the club steps. Now, if my memory serves me, he likes the Lemon kind and she prefers the Orange.

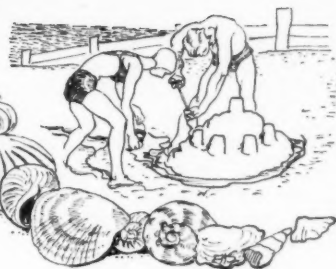


Robinson's Lemon BARLEY or Orange WATER

PUNCH



On
the London Charivari



CHARIVARIA

HIGH as they are, observes a lawyer, there can be no evading the payment of death duties. Even with the best will in the world.

An errand boy's bicycle was struck by lightning near Shrewsbury. The errand boy gave no explanation as to why he was dawdling.

"MARRIAGES"

"WATTS : WATT. — On June 11th, 1949, at Singapore Cathedral . . ."
"The Times"
And Who's Who?

Smoked glasses are obtainable under the National Health Service. To the gourmet with imagination they give plain boiled rice the sharp tang of caviar.

"The oak piles of Flatford Bridge, Suffolk, which was painted by Constable, are rotting and a conference is to be called to consider its future."—"Daily Telegraph"
Not enough coats, perhaps.

A columnist writes that "There is too much face-saving going on in China." In this game the Communists appear to have a natural advantage of two to one.

The recent agreement with Denmark seems to include some very acceptable provisions.

An arm-chair made in America incorporates a television screen, a cocktail bar, a telephone, a shelf of books and a smoker's cabinet. The manufacturer is open to any further suggestions from baby-sitters.

"One of the first things that will strike a stranger's eye in a Dutch town are the little mirrors (*spiegels*) projecting in front of the windows."—*Holiday handbook*
Not *this* stranger's.

A composer of popular music confesses that he mutters to himself while working. Anything does for the lyric.

"I can't see that the end of the Old School Tie is in sight," says a correspondent. The weather has to be really warm before men begin to dispense with waistcoats.

A restaurant patron claimed damages after breaking a tooth on some shot in a portion of rabbit. Apparently the policy of the management is to put in a few pellets to establish clearly that it isn't whalemeat.

The health authorities in Lagos have organized a campaign against rats "in order to prevent an outbreak of plague which swept Lagos in 1924-25." Similarly swift action by the London Fire Services could make the Monument look ridiculous.



TEST MATCH

(From "The Bat and the Ball")

SO—there's a lovely shot!—the sunlight fell
 Splendidly, gold on green, the summer day.
 I loved the speed o' the thing, flash of white,
 The swift flick o' the arm, and the eager eye
 Far-focus'd, or quick at a yard's length; loved, too,
 (A paradox, this), the slow leisure, Time's pause
 'Twixt over and over, nerve and limb relax'd
 Ere the onset. See, there's the clock that ticks
 Our Present away as it tick'd the Past—
 But the curve of an arm's an eternal thing
 When stumps lean, bails fly; or the sudden hand
 Conjuring out of the blue the flying ball
 Makes a moment immortal. Watch the blade's thrust,
 The beautiful sword, the turn o' the wrist,
 And the sudden streak to the distant rail:
 The clock stands still—there's a minute saved
 For the years to be. You will hear them now
 In the stands, or without where the vulgar sit
 (You know your Milton?) agog with the tale,
 Long remember'd, how Hobbs on an afternoon
 Dared the Antipodes, or Woolley stole
 In a rippling dream a century, more or less,
 Or the Old Man growled in his beard. Just so,
 This minute is caught in Time's grasping, held
 For the sun and the grass some far-off day
 Such as this, as fleeting and beautiful,
 When the thoughts run back. I remember once
 On this very ground . . . Do you hear, my friend?

G. H. VALLINS

AMOS REVISITED

VIII

A SLIGHT quiver, not to say shudder, passed over the company when Amos said "I have spoken about coincidences before," and he noticed it and flew into a passion.

"What do you mean?" he said angrily, looking from face to face. Nobody ventured to reply.

"I see what it is," he said at length, assuming an indulgent look. "You are afraid that when I have told a good coincidence story everybody else will weigh in with a bad one. Well, you're wrong. I'm not *going* to tell a coincidence story." He switched his eyes about, alert for any repetition of the shudder as he went on slowly, "I was merely about . . . to make . . . a general observation."

Pause. A tall man by the bar, quivering with what may have been anxiety, very carefully put down his drink and began to fumble for a cigarette. Amos stared at him suspiciously as he continued "People are very fond of expressing, even in writing, and building a whole argument on, the quite inaccurate assumption *It can't be a coincidence that . . .*"

The pause after this was so long that the barmaid approached and looked at us all with curiosity; but some instinct prevented her from rearranging the situation with a snap-out-of-it remark.

Amos went on at last: "That is a complete contradiction in terms. It's the whole point of a coincidence that anything *can* be a coincidence."

"Oh, I see," said the tall man. "Yes, that's right. If it couldn't, it wouldn't be when it was."

One or two people began to look a bit out of their depth, and one of these said after a moment "I don't get it. When what was?"

"*Anything*," Amos repeated, wisely ignoring this, "can be a coincidence. Everything that happens *is* literally a coincidence. If it was deliberately arranged, the coincidence is that nothing went wrong with the arrangements. To base a whole argument on the idea that because something *appears* to have been arranged therefore it *was* arranged is totally unjustifiable. It astonishes me that this has never been pointed out before."

He stared challengingly at everyone in sight. It was a man behind him who said blithely "Probably just a coincidence."

* * * * *

Amos's periodical bouts of extreme gloom usually last a whole evening, and he seems to get a sort of satisfaction from occupying as central a position as possible among us and then radiating invisible waves of melancholy with a concentration we seldom see him give to anything else. Occasionally it happens that something cheers him up before he leaves, but only once have I known him make a deliberate effort to cheer himself up; and that was only temporarily successful.

"Ah, well," he broke into the long, sombre silence, "there's one thing. Even after one's death, one has a chance of being Yorick in *Hamlet*."

But after a moment of comparative cheerfulness he thought of something else, and added sourly "Fearful risk, though. Think of some of the people who might be sharing one's big scene . . ."

* * * * *

He came in once just as somebody in the middle of an argument was declaiming indignantly "You can tell me that till the cows come home, but never—*never* will I—"

"Pardon me," said Amos courteously, approaching and prodding this man in the chest, "but are you suggesting that the cows come home particularly late? My agricultural knowledge is of the slightest, but surely it won't be very long before even the most widely-travelled cows come home. Why—even if we keep the illustration lacteal—I should have thought that in the matter of coming home, the average cow was beaten by the milkman."

Then he sat down, smirking. We were rather pleased when the barmaid looked up and said with genuine fire "Average cow beaten by the milkman! Why, I never heard of such a thing! My father in the country has fifteen cows *ever* so contented, he'd no more dream of—"

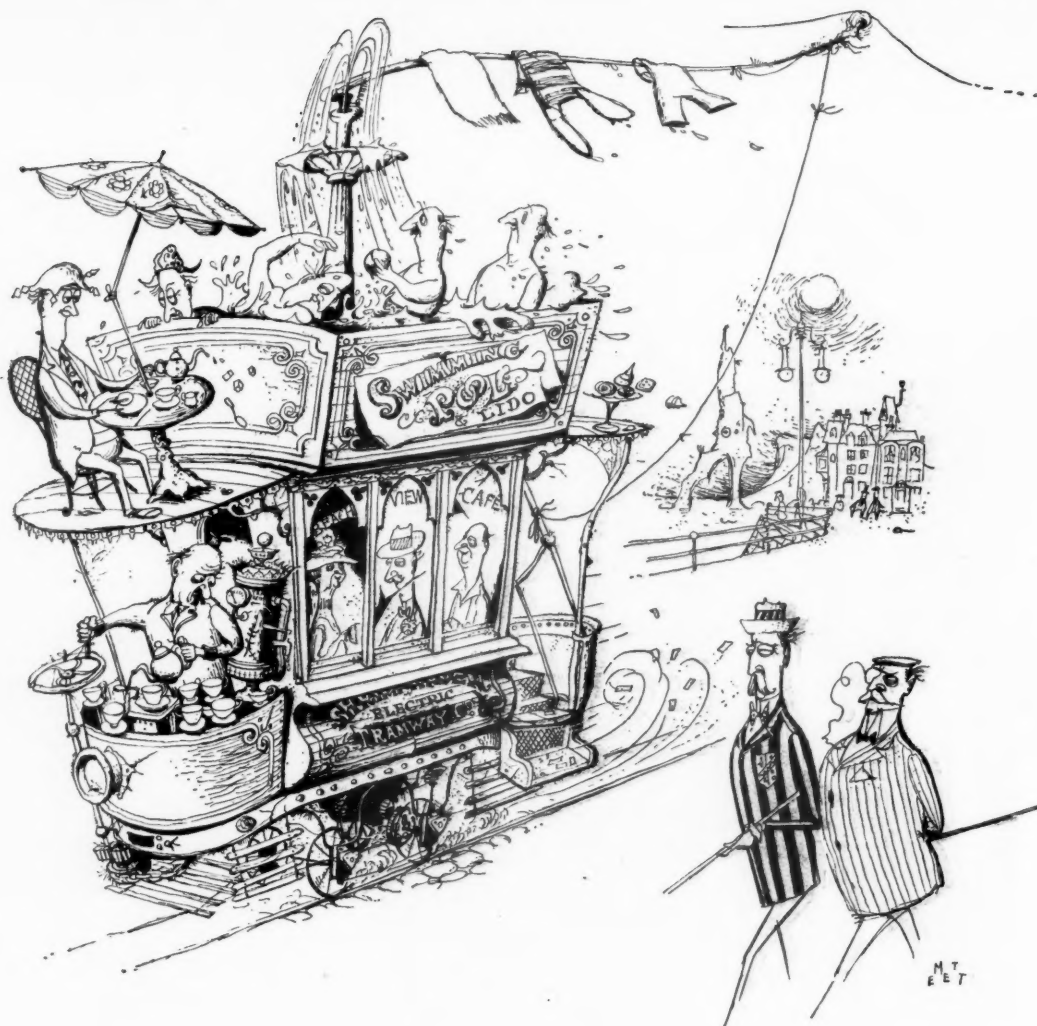
We looked at Amos, but he didn't feel energetic. He gave his neighbour a sidelong look and waved a hand and said "You tell her, you tell her."

It took a little time . . .

RICHARD MALLETT



THE RED ROAD



"I rather fancy the trams will pay their way this summer."

THE REVENGE OF THE FOUR BAD MEN

"I SUPPOSE you have some pretty bad men about here," said the English journalist on his holiday to a tall Irishman whom he met leaning against the white wall of a house enjoying the sunlight.

"Ah, I wouldn't say *too* bad," said the Irishman.

But immediately he detected by the mere expression of the journalist's face that this was not what was wanted, and he hastened to remedy his remark.

"At the same time," he went on, "I wouldn't say that if you dug in the bog awhile you wouldn't come on more bodies buried here than what you would meet with in most bogs."

"Is that so?" said the journalist.

"I wouldn't say that it was," said the tall man who was resting against the wall. "I'm only saying I wouldn't be surprised if you met with them."

"And how did they get there?" the Englishman asked.

"Ah," said the Irishman, "I wouldn't know that. Sure, there's lots of ways that bodies might get into bogs."

"And who are your worst characters round here?" asked the Englishman.

"Sure, I wouldn't know that either," said Larry, which was all the name I ever heard to which the tall man answered. "And, if ever I knew, I'd have only forgotten it, for I was never able to remember a name. But there were bad

characters round here at one time. And there was four men that was wickeder nor all the men that the government have in jail all added together. Four terrible great men that was in the Republican army. It was from Dublin they come, because Dublin had got too hot for them, and every policeman in the Metropolis was looking for all four of them lads. So they lit out of it, and got away and came here. But getting away wasn't enough for them, for they had murder in their hearts, on account of the way the police had treated them, never letting them rest for more than two nights in a house, but hunting them just as if they was foxes. So, as I told you, they had murder in their hearts, and was determined they would get even. And they thought it all out among themselves and decided what they would do. Shall I tell you what they did?"

"I should like to hear very much," said the Englishman.

"I'll tell you, then," said Larry. "It all happened a long time ago, fourteen years ago this summer, the year of the Silver Jubilee. But the people remember it yet. And those four lads meant that what they did should be remembered. They meant to do something that would shock the world and make the government jump, and set the policemen trembling all the way from here to the sea."

"Good Lord! What did they do?" asked the Englishman.

"I'm telling you," said Larry. "They was desperate men, and determined to do their worst. And they went to Mr. Jeffries. Do you know Mr. Jeffries? It's a pity you don't, for he's a great sportsman—a great sportsman all the year round. Well, the four of them goes to Mr. Jeffries' house a little while after midnight. And they knocks at the hall door, and the maid opens it, and they asks if Mr. Jeffries is in. Well, seeing who they were, she goes and calls Mr. Jeffries, although he had gone to bed long ago. And he comes down to the hall, and they asks could they speak with him. So he takes the four men into his smoking-room, and brings out the decanter of whiskey, and they all sits

down. And Mr. Jeffries says it's fine weather that they have been having. And they say that it is, and that it will be grand for the crops. And Mr. Jeffries says they are right, and it will be the very thing for them. And they talks for a while of the crops and of the way they are doing, and of the way they used to be in the old days; and they are all agreed that the old days was best, when the English were here. They were bad men, mind you, and the police looking for every one of them, and they didn't care what they said. And Mr. Jeffries is a good sportsman, and never runs counter to anybody's opinions. And that is the way it was, as they sat over the whiskey talking.

"And then one of them says, the lad the police was looking for most, 'We hope we didn't inconvenience you, Mr. Jeffries, calling so late at night.'

"Ah, not at all," says Mr. Jeffries.

"Because it's the way it is," says the other man, 'that we don't like to be going about too much in the daylight, the way things are just at present.'

"I quite understand you," says Mr. Jeffries.

"We just wanted to have a bit of a talk with you in confidence," says the man the police had been looking for all through Dublin.

"I know," says Mr. Jeffries.

"It's like this," says the other lad, the lad whose name I've forgotten. 'The gardai have been troubling us dreadfully (that's what we call the police over here, ever since Ireland was free) and we're not going to stand any more of it.'

"And I quite sympathize with you," says Mr. Jeffries.

"We're desperate," says the other lad.

"I quite understand," Mr. Jeffries says.

"All four of us," he says to Mr. Jeffries.

"And why wouldn't you be?" Mr. Jeffries says.

"Well, now," says that same lad, the wickedest of the four of them, 'we wondered if you would do us a favour.'

"Yes, if I can," says Mr. Jeffries.

"A little favour," says the other lad.

"I'd be glad to," says Mr. Jeffries.

"Well, now," says that other lad, 'we was all wondering if you'd be so good as to let us have a little corner of your ten-acre field on the day-after-to-morrow night.'

"And what do you want to do in my bit of a field?" asks Mr. Jeffries.

"Well, now," says the other lad, 'I'll not be holding anything back from you, and we'll not tell you a lie. But we're all desperate men; and the gardai should have left us alone and not worried us the way that they did. And the government is no better than the gardai. And the day after to-morrow will be the Silver Jubilee, and we want to light a bonfire in honour of it and to send up a few rockets. It will drive the gardai mad.'

"And serve them right," says one of the others.

"And maybe you're right," says Mr. Jeffries. 'Maybe it might teach them to leave people alone, and let us all lead quiet lives. You can have the corner of my ten-acre field, and good luck to you.'

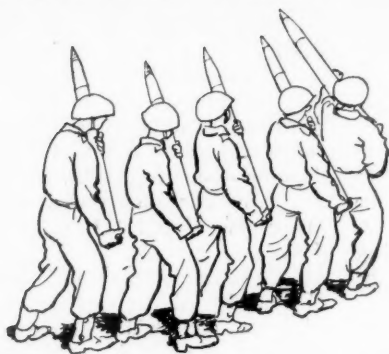
"And good luck to you too, sir," says the four desperate men.

"And, begob, they got some fine rockets and had a great bonfire. And from all I have heard tell they had nothing finer that night in London itself, nor in all England."

DUNSANY



TERRITORIALS IN CAMP



IF you leave Norwich behind you and drive north-west-by-north for an hour you will find yourself dropping down from the low ridge of hills that runs inland from Cromer to Melton Constable, and beyond, into a wide flat country smacking strongly of the sea. At Blakeney, where the road debouches into the coastal route from Wells to Cromer, the sea is within smacking distance in a homelier sense, for here by creek and inlet it makes its way across the saltings to the hard that bounds the roadway. Blakeney in fact has a right to call itself an inland port, though at low water, when the mud-banks are strewn with every kind of small craft in the attitudes of hopeless dejection common to sailing vessels in these circumstances, the link with the open sea appears, to the landsman's eye, inconceivably tenuous and tortuous. Small children splash about in what is left of the water.

There is a bird sanctuary in these parts, and no wonder. The visible coastal strip, with its wide salt

marshes to the left, the shingle bar protecting Blakeney Harbour ahead and the flat grasslands rising gently towards the sea on the far right, has the air of being a naturalists' paradise. It also has the air of being about dinner-time. A better bit of country for quickening the appetite it would be hard to find; and it could be argued (I am prepared to argue it) that the urge to eat, and thereafter to

sleep, induced by this part of England accounts for the innumerable "worthies" North Norfolk has produced. Houghton and Holkham, East Barsham, Blickling and Wolterton—the countryside within ten or fifteen miles of Blakeney is strewn with halls and manors where, in the great days, men ate, drank and grew worthy in the keen strong breezes from the east. Altogether, there is much to be said for spending a fortnight hereabouts.

One way, an economical one, of doing it is to join the Territorial Army. For here, without prejudice to tern and coot, anti-aircraft gunners bombard the atmosphere from May until September. To the right along the coastal road from Blakeney lies Weybourne (called Webburn by the inmates unless you so pronounce it, in which case it is called Weybourne) and here, about three miles out of Sheringham, is A.A. Command's practice camp—or one of them—for Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiments. To the left, about midway between Blakeney and Wells, is famed Stiffkey, where

a thin green line of Light A.A. Bofors guns menaces the salt flats and the sea beyond.

Two Tyneside Regiments were in camp at Weybourne, the 405th and the 487th H.A.A., miners mostly. The 405th were having their first A.A. shoot, for up to September 1948 they were a Coast Regiment and had been so since the unit was founded—in a public-house in Blyth, in 1860—so that this was the first time they had let off a high-angle gun—or, for many of them, a gun of any kind.

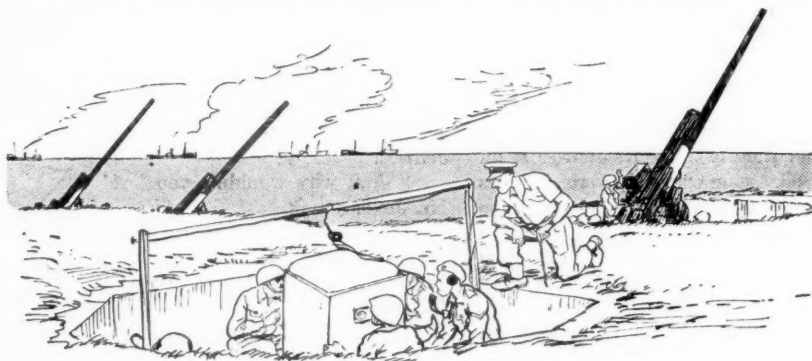
There is a deep excitement, to be concealed at all costs but none the less unmistakable, about the first time a unit fires a round—even in practice. The radar professors (are they still called Operators, Fire Control? I forgot to ask) report "On Target," the predictor numbers twiddle their wheels, the gun detachments nurse their rounds in strained procession. It seems incredible, after so many weeks of going through the motions in the drill-hall that something should actually be about to discharge itself up the spout and even burst, several miles off, in the air. But this is it! We are on target, the first round is in the cradle, nothing can stop us now . . . except perhaps that perishing Safety Officer.

The 405th had a go first of all at a towed sleeve, and thereafter carried out "180 degree throw-off" shooting. In this latter procedure the guns are 180 degrees out of phase, so that while the instruments are tracking a target in the direction of the South Pole the weapons they control point,



Command Post

The Tracker . . .
(H.A.A.)



and shoot, due North. The advantage is that the co-operating plane, instead of behaving with the sedate regularity of a target-towing machine, can whizz along at something approaching the operational speed of a modern bomber and, for advanced courses, can dive and climb and alter course, unfettered by a sleeve. There is a contrivance by which target and burst of shell can be seen simultaneously and (all being well) close together on a screen as though they were not, in fact, at opposing poles, and their relative positions marked on a chart. It is, one need hardly add, all done by mirrors.

The miners went off to dinner, with pleased expressions and a brave "eyes right" to their C.O., who thinks a lot of them. At home in Blyth they turn up regularly for their weekly drill-night, many of them putting in a second appearance in a week, and those on night shift doing a morning period instead. They had only one complaint—about the quality of the coal supplied to them in camp. Open-cast stuff, they said it was. The C.O.'s complaint is that he has not enough officers. What is the matter with ex-A.A. commissioned warriors up there on Tyneside?

Six L.A.A./SL Regiments were blazing happily away, off and on, at Stiffkey (which doesn't seem to be pronounced Stooky by anyone). Four times, in perhaps a dozen runs, the co-operating Beaufighter swept down over the gun positions to drop the tattered remnants of the target on (one hopes) the unit responsible for its condition.

The palm for shooting went, it

seemed to me, to the 519th from Edinburgh—and I say this in the teeth of the 534th from Swansea, the 582nd from Sunderland and (with more assurance) three Regiments from Middlesex. The Middlesex units are new to guns, for they have been converted to the dual rôle from Searchlights, whereas the other three are gunner regiments newly introduced to arcs and carbons and what-have-you.

At night the Regiments practised their dual rôle. This is a very gay affair, as demonstrated at Stiffkey. The target, known to the Army as an O.Q.3 (with variations if it fails to function), is a baby radio-controlled plane, perhaps eight feet long, powered by a two-stroke petrol engine (horizontally opposed, for the benefit of those taking notes) and capable of 120 m.p.h. in level flight and up to 170 in a dive. It is launched from a ramp, right up the beam of a searchlight, and whizzes away in the most rollicking manner, rather like, if you have ever seen such a thing, an alcoholic dragonfly. The "pilot"—and to be an O.Q.3 pilot must be one of the most rarefied jobs in the Army—quells the thing's high spirits, brings it round on its course and runs it down the line of guns, just to let the dog see the rabbit, while the remaining searchlights fasten on their buzzing prey. The machine is controlled in flight by means of a two-inch joystick on a tiny box—an apparatus



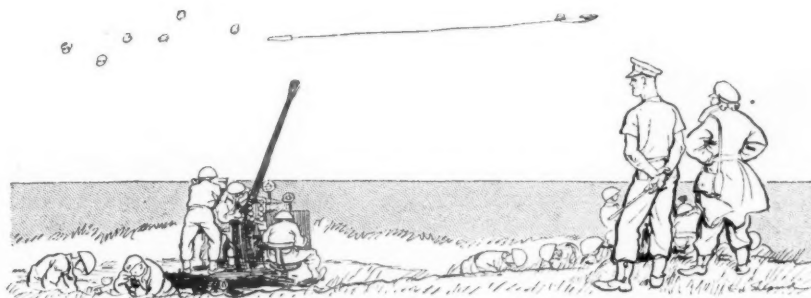
Scramble for the sleeve

that would not be out of place in a gauge 0 electric railway.

To blow this delicate toy to atoms with a 40 mm. shell would be an expensive crime, so (lovers of O.Q.3s will be glad to hear) the gunners content themselves with what I believe is called a sub-calibre shoot—by means of Bren guns mounted on the sight-bars of their Bofors.

Plenty of food, well cooked, plenty of shooting, and some fun in the evening—these, I venture to say, are the essentials that can make a fortnight's T.A. camp as satisfying a change from office or pit as a man can wish to have. The Norfolk Training Area, as far as one can judge, provides all three. Plenty of shooting there certainly is. Fun? Well, besides bathing and the camp cinema, there is regular evening transport into Sheringham, Wells or Cromer. As for food, the units bring their own cooks and are responsible for their own messing, so it's up to them. But, golly, what an appetite one gets in them thar saltings!

H. F. ELLIS



*... and the Tracked
(L.A.A.)*

AT THE PICTURES

Private Angelo—The Three Musketeers

IT seems that *Private Angelo* (Director: PETER USTINOV) does not do right by ERIC LINKLATER's novel. I haven't read the novel, but this would have been possible to guess; for, on the facts as given, one can at least suppose that *Private Angelo* himself ought to be more like an Italian than Mr. USTINOV's performance makes him. One doesn't ask for a conventional comically volatile Italian, but equally one finds it hard to believe in this large, gentle, plaintive, soft-spoken creature with the perfect English accent. This is one time when I'm almost tempted to adopt that critical formula I most of all abominate and say "Italian privates are not like this" (as one might object to *Hamlet* by observing "Danish princes do not murder their uncles"). I think it was Mr. USTINOV's business to make the character more credible and understandable, to both readers and non-readers of the novel.

This question of accent and language is, in fact, disproportionately worrying. Most of the time one is to assume—though one doesn't always realize it at once—that Angelo is really speaking English; and sometimes some of the other Italian characters are supposed to be speaking English—but not always, and there is nothing to tell one in advance, it has to be inferred from the context. Such distractions as this, essentially trivial though they are, upset the smooth running of the film, which tends to become a jerky series of successful and unsuccessful scenes. Nevertheless, it is worth seeing; there is much to amuse and interest in it, one is never bored, and as a whole it is far more continuously entertaining than many a slickly-made, intellectually empty piece on some more safe and ordinary subject.

Apart from everything else, it is visually most attractive. The cameraman's filters must have been very scientifically used: the cloud architecture in almost every outdoor scene is tremendous.



[Private Angelo]

Martial Splendour

Private Angelo—PETER USTINOV; *Lucrezia*—MARIA DENIS

There is a great deal of visual interest, too, in the Technicolor version of *The Three Musketeers* (Director: GEORGE SIDNEY). The intention seems to have been to make it impossible to take this film seriously, and at the height of some of the most violent action the audience begins to break

into uncontrollable giggles; and yet the violent action, particularly the swordplay, is remarkably well done, and even Douglas Fairbanks never surpassed the acrobatics of the latest D'Artagnan (GENE KELLY), who is, in the words of one of the Musketeers, "quite a fella." The dialogue, even more than usual in a Hollywood costume picture, is a mixture of modern colloquialisms

and the pompous circumlocution believed to have been usual in historical times (almost any historical times). Of the latter I don't recall much, but another example of the former that pleased me was D'Artagnan's (Dar Tanyun's) ominous remark to, I think, Lady de Winter: "You better be right about that." There is plenty of this kind of thing, and often it seems to have been introduced deliberately for the

laugh; which makes more noticeable the mistake of including among all this nonsense the scene leading up to the execution of Lady de Winter, where one gets an unpleasant whiff of the wrong sort of feeling altogether. Otherwise it's two hours of mock-serious tomfoolery, which most people—except those who take history (or DUMAS) seriously—will be able to enjoy.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The best bets for anyone in London are still *Louisiana Story* (6/7/49) and the excellent pair *They Live by Night* (15/6/49) and *The Window* (13/4/49); and, on a more artificial plane, the Emyln Williams piece *The Last Days of Dolwyn* (4/5/49).

In the country, don't overlook that first-rate grim suspense story *Act of Violence* (11/5/49); the equally exciting, more acidly amusing though less brilliantly made *Road House* (13/4/49); and *Caught* (1/6/49), a silly novelettish story redeemed by good writing, direction and photography.

RICHARD MALLETT



[The Three Musketeers]

Not In The First Three
D'Artagnan—GENE KELLY

RECESSIONAL

"THERE is always one last question, sir," I said, "and I should now like to put it to you, if I may."

The professor turned his eyes to the ceiling.

"To what factor or factors," I said, "do you ascribe our low standard of living?"

"To our size as individuals, unquestionably," he said. "We are too big, not so much for our boots as for our supplies of leather."

The professor knocked out his pipe on the heel of his slipper and lit a cigarette.

"Couldn't you be a little more explicit, sir?" I said. "I wouldn't like you to be misrepresented, now that the Commission on the Press has been so decent to us."

"It would take too long," he said. "I've got the shopping to do before lunch."

"A précis?"

"Well, you've got to go back a couple of hundred years," he said, "to discover the roots of our present disorder and discontent. To the dawn of the Industrial Revolution."

I nodded.

"Britain was then constructing the workshop of the world. Soon she was churning out manufactured goods at a rate hitherto unknown. It was miraculous: the golden age had arrived. Criticize this statement, giving . . . I'm sorry. Er—then the country, the state, began to gear itself to the economics of plenty. It told people to buy more, eat more, drink more, waste more. Advertising was born. In the whole vast rosy empyrean there was only one small cloud—the threat of over-production. 'What will happen,' said the political economists, 'when our production overtakes demand, when there are no more bellies to fill? There will be chaos,' they said, 'there will be unemployment, absenteeism and dreadful apathy. We shall go the way of all great civilizations.'

"So the thinkers conferred. Some said that the machine must be slowed down. Philosophers like Ludd, Hunt and Thistlewood set up a political action committee to smash the looms and lathes—not all

of them, of course, but just enough to keep output reasonably in line with demand. Another group, the humanitarians and eugenists, tackled the problem from the other end: they wanted to see demand keep pace with production. They pinned their faith to an increasing population, so they fought for social betterment, improved sanitation, inspectors of weights and measures, and so on. They wanted a higher birth-rate and a lower death-rate."

"What about Malthus?" I said.

"Propaganda. The British people could never be induced to burden themselves with larger families by promises of reward and threats of punishment; Mussolini's 'Bonuses for Bambini' wouldn't do here. And the propaganda worked. The population increased five-fold in less than a hundred years."

"The eugenists wanted to improve the human stock of these islands just as Coke and Bakewell had increased the size and weight of sheep and cattle. They reckoned that an addition of two inches to the average height would, in effect, be equal to an increase of ten per cent. in the population, and would take up all the slack in the economic system for fifty years."

"And were they successful, too?"

"Highly so. By the end of the nineteenth century the average height of boys in the public schools—that is, the class selected for experiment and favoured treatment—had outstripped that of all other boys by as much as three inches. The next difficulty was to arrange for this group to father the entire nation. It was given preferential treatment, encouraged to develop its games, taken into Parliament and encouraged by low taxation to marry early."

"Don't forget your shopping," I said. The professor looked at his watch and began to speak rapidly, like a breathless broadcaster surrounded by gesticulating producers.

"The present crisis and our low standard of living," he said, "are the natural results of the developments in transport. Name these, giving examples of . . . I beg your pardon. You see, Britain is no

longer the workshop of the world. We are still the world's largest importers of food and raw materials, but we can't sell enough of our manufactures to pay for them. We have been betrayed by circumstances over which we have had little control."

"And there is no hope?"

"Yes, there is hope, but to undo all the harm done in the nineteenth century will take time. Our leaders encouraged us to distend our stomachs and it will be years before they're back to normal again. Meanwhile there are signs that Nature herself is stepping in with her own correctives. According to the Report of the Royal Commission on Population, we are now breeding increasingly from the poorest, most stunted classes and less from the richest, tallest and heaviest group. As a result, demand and supply will, in time, reach a point of equilibrium—whatever Government is in power. A smaller, less bulky population will demand no more than we can afford and can supply."

"And when will that be?"

"That I cannot say; it depends on—"

"I mean, at about what height will this equilibrium point be reached?"

The professor reached for his shopping-basket.

"About three feet eight inches," he said. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



PREVIOUS CORRESPONDENCE

I SENT in my claim to the Ministry of Compensation and waited a fortnight. Then, as no reply had been received, I telephoned. Several sections and sub-sections tossed me politely from extension to extension with occasional interventions by the switchboard, until I found a man who agreed to hear me.

"I want to ask about a claim," I said, and I gave him a few details.

"What's our reference number?" he inquired.

"I haven't any reference number," I said.

"But isn't there some previous correspondence," he persisted, "some letter from us with a number at the top?"

"No," I said. "I've merely sent in my claim and nothing else has happened."

"Then you haven't a file number either?"

"No," I said. "I didn't think there'd be any need for a file."

There was a pause, and I think he shook his head. "That's bad," he said, "no previous correspondence and no file number. All right, I'll look into the matter and ring you back."

Another fortnight passed. I rang up the Ministry. As I had forgotten the name of the man I had spoken

to before, I had some difficulty in tracking down his section again. At one moment I got on to what I thought was going to be a sympathetic young woman.

"I spoke to a man a fortnight ago . . ." I started.

"Well, we don't speak to men here," she said, and tossed me back to the switchboard.

Eventually I found the right section. My man was out at lunch. I put my case to one of his colleagues, who promptly asked me for the Ministry's reference number. I told him that I had no reference number, no previous correspondence, and no file. He appeared shocked.

"No previous correspondence!" he exclaimed. "Then of course we're having trouble tracing your claim. Still, I'll find out what I can and call you back."

Two more weeks went by. I realized that it was no good ringing up the Ministry again; I should only founder on that business of there being no previous correspondence. Obviously in order to contact the Ministry successfully by telephone there must be previous correspondence.

At first I thought of writing a chatty letter to the Ministry asking how things were going with them. But I didn't want to be thought

eccentric and get no answer. On the other hand, if I propounded a question of any difficulty, I knew it would go into circulation for remarks and suggestions and I should still be without a letter or reference number from the Ministry.

I saw what had to be done. First I purchased a file, which I numbered ABC 1/49. Then I wrote to the Ministry of Compensation with the simplest question I could think of, "Are you the Ministry to which claims for compensation should be sent?" I didn't see how they could possibly put that query into circulation for remarks and suggestions. I put my reference number at the top and kept a carbon copy of the letter in my file.

A week later I received the following reply:

"SIR,

Your ref: ABC 1/49.

Our ref: XYZ 12345/49.

In reply to your inquiry I have to inform you that you are correct in supposing that claims for compensation should be addressed to this Ministry.

I remain, Sir, etc."

I added this reply to my file and sent in my claim again with both reference numbers written clearly at the top. A further fortnight passed and I telephoned the Ministry. This time I had my man's name and got straight through to him. I put my query. He parried with the usual request for the Ministry's reference number.

"One moment," I said, "I'll just consult my file of previous correspondence and give it to you."

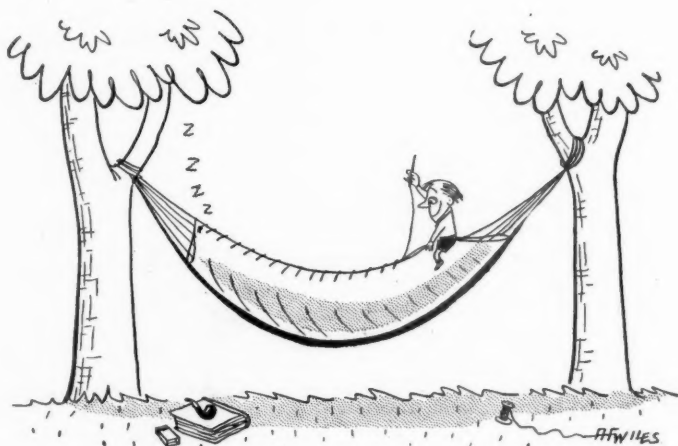
He took it very well. Accepting defeat, he told me exactly what was happening to my claim and promised to push it through without delay.

I am now engaged on preparing files of previous correspondence with all the principal Ministries.

5 5

"Mr. Bevin said he still hoped something would come out of the Foreign Ministers' conferences."—*B.B.C. News*

If only a few foreign ministers.



~~fron~~



Isn't it—



rather—



remarkable—



that—



if—



one—



has been—



actually—



present—



at—



a—



cricket—



match—



one is—



always—



very much—



more—



eager—



to—



*read all about what
took place in it?*



"Well, just suppose, Mr. Achilles, that one day something DID happen to your heel. Under this scheme you could have it treated absolutely free."

I BATTED LIKE A BOOK

THE more I see of the sorry displays given by these modern Test teams, the sadder I am that I was forced to give up first-class cricket at the early age of ten. At that time I was captain both of England and Middlesex. I think those who knew me then would be kind enough to say that my influence on the game was considerable, for the alphabet which I had devised—so that reading-cricket could be played through almost every subject in the school curriculum—was generally recognized as the best contemporary system of ensuring that matches reached definite results during a morning in the classroom. For the benefit of keen students of the game I shall give that alphabet here:

a — 0	j — run out	s — 6
b — bowled	k — 6	t — 4
c — 3	l — 1	u — 0
d — 4	m — stumped	v — 6
e — 0	n — 3	w — l.b.w.
f — 6	o — 0	x — 2
g — 1	p — caught	y — 1 extra
h — 2	q — 3	z — 4 extras
i — 0	r — 4	

It is true that this alphabet made for fast scoring, and some of my companions felt that it tended to detract from the dignity of the game; it was put to me that a word like "effervescence"—containing four sixes, a four and three threes—made the bowler's task a nightmare; on the other hand, I believe that mine was the first cricket alphabet to allow a bowler to bowl a maiden over at

all, though he needed such a phrase as "sleazy yeast" to do so.

I think I may say that I had the interests of the game at heart. It was largely my determination to see fair play all round which led to a general agreement that the Latin period should count as "rain stopped play". The reason behind this decision lay in the Roman habit of substituting the letter "v" for "w," a transposition which made a mockery of the game. In my alphabet it meant that the batsman who should rightly have been leg before was unjustly rewarded with a boundary six. In the season of my retirement I was also forced to put a stop to play during History, for the examiners had unfortunately set us the nineteenth century, and the number of eights that cropped up in the bowling analyses was most unsightly.

For me that was an exceptionally busy season. I was not only recording the results, batting and bowling averages for every county in the championship, but doing the same for the Australian touring team as well. My statistics filled three large geography notebooks. Cricket was uneventful until the two boys who sat either side of me in class, Peter Brunt and Oliver Dower, discovered my records while trying to catch up with their geography notes, and questioned my integrity in placing myself at the top of the English batting averages. Even now I do not like to recall this unfortunate affair. I am chagrined to think that the two boys concerned

failed to understand how jealously I guarded the good name of cricket. To cut a long story short, they threatened to "expose" me—as they put it—unless I promised to include them in the England team for the next Test. I remember their words well.

"You cocky little stinker," said Dower. "Me and Brunt are in the first eleven and you aren't even in the third, and you call yourself captain of England."

Brunt, P., concurred.

I would not call Brunt and Dower intelligent characters, but *force majeure* was undoubtedly on their side. Most unwillingly I acceded to their request. I do not wish to load myself with undue praise, but I must say that this was the only time in my career when I put interest of self before that of country.

The next morning was perfect for cricket. The sun was hot in an azure sky, and old "Goggles" Burnett, our English master, dropped into a half-snooze after telling us to read one of Hazlitt's essays in our own time. I signalled coldly to Brunt and Dower that the wicket was perfect and that England had won the toss. I was still piqued at having to lose the services of Hearne and Woolley to make room for these two interlopers.

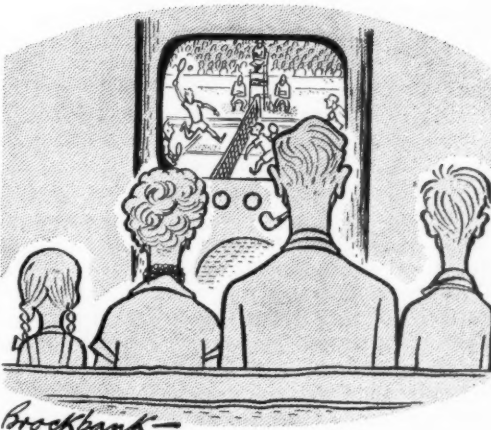
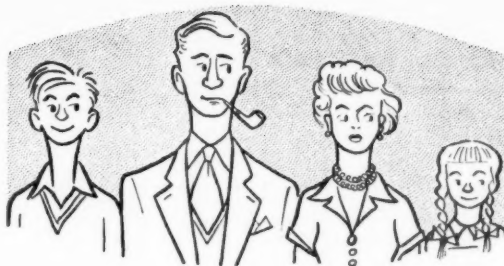
"Perfect love," I read, "has this advantage, that it leaves the possessor of it nothing further to desire. There is one object (at least) in which the soul finds absolute content, for which it seeks to live or dares to die. The heart has, as it were, filled up the m . . ." At this point Larwood was stumped off Grimmett and the England innings came to a close. The score-sheet in front of me read as follows:

ENGLAND—First Innings			
Hobbs	c. Bardsley, b. MacDonald	0	
Sutcliffe	c. Woodfull, b. Gregory	39	
Me	l.b.w. b. Armstrong	170	
Tyldesley (E.)	b. Armstrong	57	
P. D. Brunt*	run out	0	
O. T. Dower*	l.b.w. b. Armstrong	0	
Hendren (E.)	b. Mailey	26	
Tate	c. and b. Collins	85	
Parkin	l.b.w. b. Grimmett	40	
Larwood	st. Oldfield, b. Grimmett	17	
Strudwick	not out	0	
Extras		0	
TOTAL			434

* Joint Captains

Brunt and Dower either could not or would not understand that when the former was run out by the "j" in "object" (a decision which he unsportingly questioned) the umpires deemed that the batsmen had crossed. I therefore took next ball and went on to make some twenty-five runs before Dower got the bowling, when he was immediately leg before.

At the end of that English lesson there was a fracas, over which I should prefer to draw a veil, and all my records were destroyed. If ugly scenes of that nature were to invade the game, there was but one course open to me. I went into retirement. I often feel, however, that I could teach some of the younger generation a lesson if I were to take the printed field once more. For instance, had I taken (say) Hutton in to bat with me at the start of this paragraph we should have scored sixty-eight before one of us (Hutton, I think) was out.





"Just like a man—not a word of praise for all the dozens of miles I've driven with scarcely a scratch."

MILTON AND I

WHEN I was a boy it was my ambition to win fame as a poet, and I looked forward with quiet confidence to being ranked, at middle age or earlier, with the greatest names of the past. Everyone seemed to think pretty well of Milton and I felt that I should have nothing to be ashamed of if I could equal his achievements, although, of course, I secretly hoped to do a little better. Unfortunately, my efforts to fulfil my ambition were fitful in the extreme. As a schoolboy, Milton was busy grubbing about in all sorts of books, translating psalms and what not, and had "read with delight the poems of Spenser, and Sylvester's translation

of the Frenchman, Du Bartas." I should have been following the same path of course, but it would never have entered my head to translate a psalm, and indeed I was principally occupied in attempting to pass the School Certificate examination. At this time I was influenced mainly by *The Swiss Family Robinson* and *The Boy's Own Paper*. Thus Milton got off the mark a few years ahead of me. Nevertheless, it was with a certain sense of dismay that I realized the other day that, with next to nothing done, I had reached an age about twice that at which Milton had produced his first noteworthy work.

As I see it, where I have failed is

in sheer, steady application. I produced my first work at about the same age as was Milton when he wrote "Il Penseroso." This consisted of the words of a song which was to be sung at a party given in the rooms of a friend who was leaving on the following day to seek his fortune in London. It was a gay party, I remember. Someone advanced the theory that if the contents of a tankard of beer were thrown briskly into the air they could be caught in the descent without a drop being spilled, and we spent some time in disproving this. Then my song was sung. It was not a bad song, and was quite well received, but I should be the last to

deny that it would look pretty foolish beside "Il Penseroso."

My second work was completed some years later, and it again took the form of the words to a song; the occasion in this case being the return of my friend from London—without a fortune, I am sorry to say. I had come a good deal under the influence of Edgar Rice Burroughs at this time, but I doubt if it showed much in my work. Once more the song was well received, but it would be idle to pretend that it would bear comparison with Milton's first bitter attack on Episcopacy, written at the same age.

Milton's later work was no doubt helped a good deal by his Continental tour. At Paris he met Grotius, the great Dutchman, and he was guided through Naples by the Marquis of Villa, the friend and biographer of Tasso. At Rome he heard Leonora Baroni sing. Altogether he spent fifteen months abroad. Here he had a great advantage over me. At about the same age I walked up the Rhine from Bonn to Bingen and cycled

back on the other side, taking a fortnight for the trip. I cannot even recollect the name of the cycle-dealer who grossly overcharged me for a second-hand machine, and my over-indulgence in wine at a small village named Kaub and subsequent heavy fall into the hold of a barge make miserable stuff upon which to base an epic poem.

Of course, besides the words of the songs I have mentioned I have thrown off a sonnet from time to time and have completed a couple of odes. In the production even of this very minute output, however, I now fear that my methods have been lamentably at fault. I have come to this conclusion since reading a work by Dr. Edith Sitwell, entitled *Three Eras of Modern Poetry*, originally delivered in the form of lectures. After quoting from a poem by Mr. T. S. Eliot and referring to the flawless action of his muscles, Dr. Sitwell praises his use of the "open-shut, open-shut" rhyme scheme. "A little freezing air," she says, "creeps through the gap in those unrhymed lines." When I read this I must

confess that I threw up my hands in despair. The utmost I have ever attempted in my work is rhyme and scansion; and if I can box up a thought or two in it, so much the better. Far from trying to introduce a little freezing air between the lines of my poetry, I have never had the remotest idea that such a thing was desirable, and would in any case have been utterly at a loss as to how to set about it. Milton would no doubt have been on to a thing like this in a flash—at the age of eleven or twelve, probably, while I was still under the influence of *The Swiss Family Robinson*.

By the time Milton was about fifty the first lines of *Paradise Lost* were lying in his desk. I have had a good look in mine, but I could only find a few notes, all undecipherable but one. "Comp. self with Milt.," it read. Of course, I should have several years yet in which to produce a masterpiece, but in the meantime, just in case no one ever couples my name with Milton's, I thought I would do it myself.

T. S. WATT

CONVERSATION PIECE: THE MAGICIAN AND THE DRYAD

MAGICIAN.

Out of your dim felicity of leaves, O Nymph appear;
Answer me in soft-showery voice, attempt the unrooted
dance—

My art will sponsor the enormity. Now concentrate,
Arouse, where in your vegetative heart it drowns deep
In seminal sleep, your feminine response. *Conjuro te*
Per Hecates essentiam et noctis silentia,
Breaking in Trivia's name your prison of bark.
Beautiful, awake!

DRYAD.

Risen from the deep lake of my liberty, into your prison
She has come, cruel commander.

MAGICIAN.

I have given speech to the dumb.
Will you not thank me, silver lady?

DRYAD.

Oh till now she drank
With thirst of myriad mouths the bursting cataracts
of the sun
And drizzle of gentler stars, an indivisible small rain.
Wading the dark earth, made of earth and light,
cradled in air,
All that she was, she was all over. Now the mask
you call

A Face has come between her and the hemisphere's
embrace;

Her sight is screwed into twin nodules of tormenting
light;

Searing divisions tear her into five. She cannot hear,
But only see, the moon; earth has no taste; she cannot
breathe

At every branch vibrations of the sky. For a dome of
severance,

A helmet, a dark, rigid box of bone, has overwhelmed
Her hair . . . that was her lungs . . . that was her nerves
. . . that kissed the air.

Crushed in a brain, her thought that circled coolly in
every vein,

Turns into poison, thickens like a man's, ferments and
burns.

She was at peace when she was in her unity. Oh, now
release

And let her out into the seamless world, make her forget.

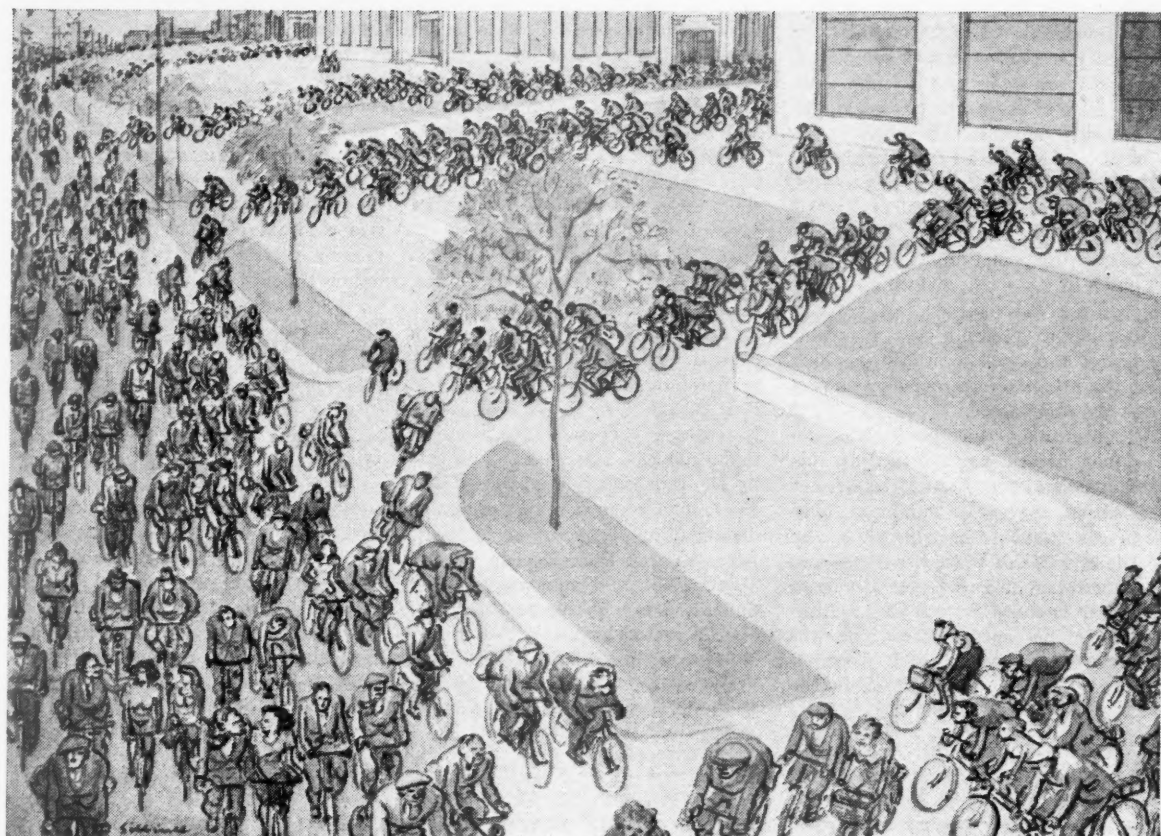
MAGICIAN.

Be free. Relapse. And so she vanishes. And now
the tree

Grows barer every moment. The leaves fall. A killing
air,

Sighing from the country of Man, has withered it. The
tree will die.

N. W.



THE GREAT WEST ROAD

ONCE upon a time the name of "The Great West Road" called up pictures of gouty gallants at Bath, of wooden-legged, tobacco-chewing rum-swiggers at Bristol, and of rather oily highway-men on Hounslow Heath. Now it suggests a short, wide by-pass, complicated by columns of engineering operatives swerving out of factory gates on bicycles.

For most of its long history the road that went from Hyde Park Corner to the West was muddy and not travelled much for pleasure. The road passed through the ancient, picturesque and infuriating towns of Brentford and Hounslow, whose inhabitants saw no reason to hurry out of the way of the hundred and fifty odd coaches that tried to rattle through every twenty-four hours. George the First had praised

Brentford, whose overhanging rooms reminded him of his native Hanover; but passengers to whom it meant a loss of five minutes on an express trip were less easily pleased. Probably the majority had never been to Hanover anyway. A by-pass was suggested, and an alternative route had been surveyed, when the railway was opened and road traffic declined. Hounslow, the first stage from London, was ruined. Its two thousand five hundred horses became redundant, and one coaching inn turned over to cobbling while another modernized itself into a dairy.

With the invention of the motor the road made a come-back, and in 1901 Brentford added trams to its amenities. The rise in the number of accidents and the continuous traffic jam made the opening of a by-pass

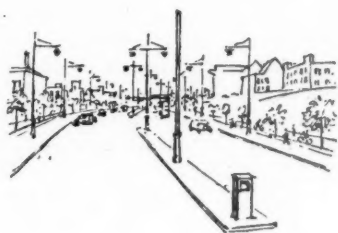
urgent. At this point the British Constitution broke down. When Parliament had abolished the Turnpike Trusts it had not transferred the power to make a new road to any other body. Even County Councils were not allowed to promote a Private Act for roadmaking. It took years of agitation, inquiries, reports,



promises and, of course, accidents before the Gordian knot was sufficiently frayed. In 1925 the new by-pass was opened: even allowing for the delay caused by the war this seems a long time.

The new road is only five and one-eighth miles long, but the historic name of "The Great West Road" is now restricted to it. It cost about a million pounds, displaced fifty-nine houses, in parts is a hundred feet wide, has a double motor-track and cycle-tracks and cannot be dug up by anyone, even the Post Office, without solemn permission from the Middlesex County Council: the Souvenir Programme of the Official Opening boasts its head off about this. One pleasant feature is the avenue of forest trees planted along the road sixty feet apart, one mile each of planes, chestnuts, beeches, Norwegian maples and limes.

Between the wars Industry



began to congregate along the Thames Valley, and the Great West Road got its share. Though most of the by-pass is dully residential, the short factory section is one of the most fantastic sights in London and is well worth a visit.

These factories are small, clean, stylish and secret, quite unlike the dirt-encrusted, prehistoric monsters of the Industrial Revolution in its grubby, gawky phase. Electricity and modern machinery have reduced noise, smoke and staff. It is sometimes difficult to tell from outside whether a building is a factory at all or just an office. It is not often that one can glimpse a whirling wheel through a window. Some world-famous firms operate from premises little larger than a suburban store.

The façades of these dollar-earning workshops are pure theatre.

This is quite understandable, as one of the attractions of the site was the possibility of advertisement by floodlighting. The traveller entering or leaving London would pass for a minute or two between sharply lighted frontages outlined against the dark sky and carrying the name of the product. By day, though many of the buildings are quite attractive, most of them look rather lost, like scenery at a rehearsal. The London light is not kind to illusion.

Some of the factories were obviously architects' fantasies, sold to business-men as being the last word in the modernistic. They may be functional, but they don't look it. Some of them are original and delightful, pleasantly self-mocking and stylized. A few catch the eye and invigorate it with their gardens and ponds, others repel with a coarse profusion of meaningless decoration and ostentatious construction. One shudderingly invents the term "moderniserie." It all makes an odd corner of London.

Unhappily, many a bright façade tails away into ramshackle sheds and extensions, back from the concrete by-pass into the earlier, dirtier world of the railway. Businesses which are slap-bang up-to-date in front are like the back of a back garden behind. Blackened industrial slums may not be very noticeable from a fast-moving car, but the sight-seeing pedestrian cannot help spotting them. The sight-seeing pedestrian is not perhaps a very likely customer; but that is not the whole point.

It was not, of course, the flood-lighting scheme alone which brought the factories. Several firms moved out of Central London mainly to get clean air; the improved health and happiness of all concerned made it worth while. For some industries—food-stuffs, cinematograph films, lenses—air cannot be too clean. The position itself is an advantage, only twenty minutes by road from the West-End showrooms where the luxury products of West Middlesex are sold, and with good rail connections to the



Birmingham area, where the first stage in some of the processes is carried out. Coachbuilders, for example, moved out of London to build car-bodies for chassis made in the Midlands. The connection by water with London docks, via Brentford port, comes in useful too.

There was probably a good deal of fashion about the move. If your rivals were joining a *Concours d'Elégance* you would feel you had to leave the dowdy works where you grew up for something smart in white tile or brick campanile or Geo-Georgian. If you were starting in life, and a number of the Great West Road factories were in fact new enterprises, you would want your first home to be impressive. No dark Satanic mill for you.

The faces of the cyclists on their prosaic and inelegant machines give no clue to their feelings about it all. Are they happier out in the open spaces than they would be in the warm confusion of an older manufacturing town? Are they ennobled by spending their working hours inside a masterpiece of contemporary art; or do they feel as rootless as the deracinated style which enfolds many of them? They certainly look healthy. As for happiness—the most vivid memory of one sight-seeing pedestrian is of peering up at an aseptic and rather inhuman building and seeing in the metal window a boy and a girl eating a mutual ice. George the First would never have been reminded of Hanover by that.

R. G. G. PRICE





"But that's my own camera I took out with me—my husband smuggled it in ages ago."

THE COSMIC MESS

THIS column had been reading, with its usual admiration, a protest by Mr. Harold Nicholson against the increasing use of Christian names in headlines—"this sad habit of manufacturing fraudulent intimacy". It then picked up one of the daily sheets and read, in enormous capitals, "JEAN WINS PLACE IN WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM". "What Jean is this?" the column wondered. Then it remembered reading about a lady called Miss Jean Quartier who plays tennis rather well. "Well done, Quartier,"

this column thought: but this column was wrong. Well, it was right and wrong. For Miss Quartier is indeed in the team. But the headline was not about her. It was about another Jean—Mrs. Walker-Smith. So the headline was not only too matey but misleading. "Winston" is perhaps the only Christian name permissible in a headline, though a case might be made out for "Gordon" (in the sporting page). But the odd thing is that the Christian names are generally lavished on people who have never

been heard of before. How surprised we should be if we saw the Prime Minister treated in this way: "CLEMENT RESHUFFLES CABINET!" No space would be saved by that, it is true; but "CLEM" would save two letters.

* * * * *

By the way, has any effort ever been made to get the tribes of Nicol, Nicolson, etc., to co-ordinate themselves a bit? In the Telephone Directory this column finds Nichol, Nicholl, Nicholls, Nichols, Nickalls, Nickel, Nickell, Nickells, Nickol, Nickolls, Nickols, Nicol, Nicoll, Nicolle and Nicolls—fifteen separate clans. There are also people called Nihell and Nihill. They are nice tribes: but it is really putting too much upon a jaded world to expect us to remember how to spell them all.

This column has known a dear young lady with one of these names for about fifteen years: but even now it could not go into the box and swear which. It is not even sure if she has an "s" or not. And the difficulty of finding one of the tribe in the telephone book is one good reason for the queues outside the public call-offices. This column is all against excessive planning and uniformity, but it does think that the tribes should have a big palaver and choose a common name. "Harold Nicholson", by the way, is wrong, as this column knew all the time. It should be "Nicolson". But how many uncountable readers spotted it?

* * * * *

"Socialist legislation comes home to roost". This column is always reading about chickens, legislation, schemes, propaganda or what not "coming home to roost". It is always a bad thing for the owners of the chickens, etc., this column gathers: but, not being an agricultural column, it has never quite understood why. Surely it would be even more disturbing if the chickens went and roosted elsewhere. According to the *Oxford English Dictionary* a man called Southey began the thing in 1810: "Curses are like young chickens, they always

come home to roost." Lytton, in 1838, repeated the absurd expression: "The curse has come home to roost". And in 1887 Lowell wrote: "All our mistakes sooner or later surely come home to roost." What could be less like a curse than a young chicken? It is one of the many silly things we say without thinking of their meanings: and the orders are that we say it no more.

The same orders should be noted by the distinguished cricket reporter who wrote the other day that "the expected holocaust of runs" (meaning a lot of runs) "did not come". "Holocaust" is not this column's favourite word, but it does mean "complete consumption of by fire", or the thing so consumed. Cricket seems to drive even the best writers to the queerest metaphors. A *Times* gentleman recently recorded that "Soon after tea England had their noses in front". Where was the hare?

One of the heats in the Greyhound Derby was won in 28.83 seconds. The distance is 525 yards: and this column (with the aid of a neighbour) makes the rate 37.25 miles an hour. The record for the course is 28.64 seconds, which is 37.6 miles an hour—or isn't it? The record horse-Derby was run at the rate of 35.06 miles an hour. But what do you care?

If, as we are told, the railway-men can paralyse the nation's traffic by "strictly adhering to the rules", some of the rules must be fairly silly. Why not amend them?

Talking of rules, not very high marks were awarded to the M.C.C. announcement about Mr. Mann's "declaration" in the second Test Match. It began:

"The question arises as to the correctness or otherwise of", etc.

No one, by the way, explained to this ignorant reader why a captain shouldn't declare on the first day, whether in a Test Match

"or otherwise". What is the objection? There is nothing to prevent him from telling his last few batsmen to go in and get out. Or is there?

This column was interested in *The Times* correspondence about Mr. Graham Greene's dollars. The distinguished author had a contract to go to New York for five weeks and write a dramatic version of one of his books. He asked for the usual business man's allowance of £10 a day, but the Bank of England would allow him only £4 a day. They could not, they said, risk £350 "on a gamble", though Mr. Greene, on his advance payment alone, had already earned more dollars than that (and anyway, it was his money, not the Bank of England's). Other gentlemen wrote to say that Mr. Greene ought to get on very well on £4 a day (forgetting, rather, that some people like to make an effort to return American hospitality). But the substance of Mr. Greene's complaint remained unshaken—that he was not considered seriously as a potential exporter. The Bank of England should have pricked up its dear old ears and said: "Why, here's

a chance of earning dollars. Go ahead, boy! Take what you want (it's your money, anyway)." But the Bank of England, with all its merits, does not see so clearly to the heart of a problem as this column. Further, the trade in plays between New York and London is so very "unilateral" that when New York does make a bid we should encourage it hotly. The end of the story was that Mr. Greene cancelled his contract.

A. P. H.

DISCORD

THE aerial of my television set being shaped like an H and that on my seasoned super-het like a —, it is only to be expected that when my family announces its decision to switch on the television programme at the precise moment at which, I have previously averred, it is *my* intention to hear something on the Third, the result should be . . . well, H—.



"Try not to notice her hair, old boy, she's a bit sensitive about it."

Monday, July 11th

COMINGS and goings in Downing Street and at Buckingham Palace, from an early

House of Commons: hour to-day, and Emergency is mass (and angry) Proclaimed meetings of

dockers on strike in London's Dockland set the scene for the assembly of the House of Commons. Members walked into the Chamber in grave mood, sat silent as the normal Question-time was gone through.

None of the usual little jokes brightened the gloom. Mr. ATTLEE strode in about half-way through Questions, followed by a very gloomy-looking Mr. HERBERT MORRISON. The Prime Minister had in his hand a gilt-edged typed Message from the KING, bearing his Majesty's Sign-Manual in the top left-hand corner. As the hands of the clock showed 3.30 Mr. ATTLEE rose and walked to the Bar, where he stood smartly to attention, while Mr. GEORGE ISAACS, the Minister of Labour, said (his voice sad and tired) that the dockers had decided not to return to work and that one hundred and twelve ships and more than ten thousand men were now standing idle.

Mr. EDEN asked that someone should put the Government's excellent case to the dockers, who clearly did not know the facts and were acting, to some extent, in ignorance.

Then Mr. SYDNEY SILVERMAN complained that Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the Attorney-General, had been "hysterical" in speaking, during the week-end, of Communist inspiration for the strike—a remark (from an orthodox supporter of the Government) which seemed to give great comfort to the fellow-traveller M.P.s. It gave them so much comfort, in fact, that when Mr. ATTLEE formally brought in the message from the KING they unexpectedly forced a division.

Mr. Speaker called: "The Prime Minister," and Mr. ATTLEE clicked his heels, announced: "A message from the King, Sir, signed by his own hand," stepped forward and bowed his way to the Table. There, he handed to Mr. Speaker the message, which was read aloud.

It announced that, as the dock

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

strike constituted a state of emergency, it was necessary to declare that a state of emergency existed. Mr. LESLIE SOLLEY, recently expelled from the Labour Party, cried: "Shame! Shame!" and drew on himself a snarl of angry protest from almost the entire House. Then Mr. MORRISON moved formally that the message be considered on Wednesday, and the Left Wingers challenged a division, in which their



A. W. L.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

90. Mr. W. H. Ayles (Southall)

score was nil, against the 315 votes gained by the Government.

The House then moved on to consider the Finance Bill, but it was a lifeless debate, for all thoughts were in the docks, and Members went home sadly.

Tuesday, July 12th

Even the delights and mysteries of "Pulheems" brought only fleeting and sub-

House of Commons: More Bad News

dued laughter to the House of Commons to-day, for the House was again in a serious mood. Mr. ATTLEE did not appear at all, and Mr. MORRISON seemed so distraught that his famous "quiff" had a wind-swept appearance, contrasting strangely with its normal neatness.

Mr. ISAACS announced that the number of men absent from work at the docks had risen to more than twelve thousand. As the Emergency Regulations had come into effect at midnight, this news of the dockers' defiance was disturbing and was received in silence.

Pulheems? They (or it) were (or was) mentioned at Question-time by Mr. SHINWELL, the War Minister. Apparently when soldiers are being considered for service in the Far East, Pulheems are applied—not, as most assumed, some brand-new drug, but a series of tests. Like this: *P* for physical capacity, *U* for upper limbs, *L* for locomotion, *H* for hearing, both *E*'s for eyesight, *M* for mental capacity, and *S* for emotional stability. Easy, really!

It was, of course, inevitable that an Opposition Member should ask (doubtingly) whether any Member of the Government was able to pass this test. The answer was non-committal.

Wednesday, July 13th

The House of Commons was crowded to-day for the debate on the Message from the

House of Commons: Debate on the Emergency

KING announcing a State of Emergency and the Regulations the Government thought necessary to deal with the situation. Mr. CHURCHILL was there, wearing the traditional black coat and waistcoat, but with trousers of what fashion-writers would doubtless call "palest grey." The mood of the House was grim and earnest, and cheers were given sparingly.

Mr. ATTLEE got one when he rose to move a vote of thanks for the Royal Message and to explain that the Government had acted because the strike in the docks (he insisted that it was a strike and not a lock-out) had no legitimate industrial object and was politically inspired. Therefore, with regret, the Government had to act to defeat it.

Mr. EDEN (in what many thought was one of the best speeches of his Parliamentary career) accepted the need for action, but was critical of the Government's handling of the events that had culminated in the strike and "emergency." Ministers



"Next: a very easy little question which I shall put in the form of a few simple hypothetical syllogisms."

might, for instance, have given the strikers more information about the truth of events, instead of taking an over-rigid line that they could not deal in any way with unofficial strikers.

And the Attorney-General, Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, in a speech in the country condemning Communist activity in the strike had failed to add that he proposed to take action, said Mr. EDEN. Sir HARTLEY (having handsomely foregone the usual defence that he had been misrepresented by the Press) pointed out that he had used the word "treason"—in connection with the strike—in its more colloquial sense, rather than its strictly legal connotation. But, he added, the activities of certain individuals were being watched.

A ragged debate followed, in which, at times, tempers became frayed. Never more so than when Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, the Communist, complaining (of all things!) of unfair propaganda, read passages from the New Testament in support of his contention that false witness could be dangerous. Appealed to to rule this debating method out of order, Mr. Speaker said it was not

"out of order," though it "filled him with disgust."

Socialist battled with Socialist in further speeches, and some bitter words were exchanged between Government supporters. All of which gave added point to the barbed comment of Mr. QUINTIN HOGG, who, quoting a former comment of the Attorney-General's that the Socialists "were masters now," added tartly that it clearly no longer applied, since Circumstance was now master, the Government merely servant, or slave.

It was left to Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, with his judicial mind, to point out that the Regulations, necessary as they were, made serious inroads into traditional British rights and freedoms. Vehicles could be searched on the roads, for instance, and the post could be tampered with; previous convictions could be proved as part of a case for the prosecution, and so on—all things that ought to be done away with the moment it was possible.

Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, almost battered to pieces the Despatch Box before him, so unusually vehement was he. He spoke almost exclusively to his own

supporters in winding up the debate. Socialist Members went somewhat sulkily into the Lobby in support of the Government, finding themselves in the unusual company of such colleagues as Lord HINCINGBROOKE and Mr. EDEN. Only four voted against the Government, 435 for. The Regulations were approved by 412 to 4—a tribute to the Government Whips, for in the debate the critics of the Government had far outnumbered those who praised.

Thursday, July 14th

Almost every self-governing country of the Commonwealth was represented in the House of Commons: Dollars and Dolours Gallery by its Finance Minister to-day, for they had suspended their Whitehall conference on the dollar drain in order to listen to the Commons debate on the same topic.

The austere presence and style of Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS was perfectly attuned to his task of outlining the means by which a cut at the rate of £100 million a year was to be made in our dollar imports. Sugar, appropriately enough, headed a list of economies which included tobacco, timber, paper and steel.

NOISES OFF

I WAS a little surprised when I called on Simpson last Saturday to find him sitting at his desk blowing tunes through a red-and-blue-striped tin trumpet. He slipped it into a drawer in rather an embarrassed way as he saw me raise my eyebrows.

"It cost me half a crown," he said. "Children get far too much money nowadays, and when I offered a shilling Ernest just gave a sort of sneering laugh, although I don't think the trade price can possibly be more than ninepence."

"Who," I asked, "is Ernest?"

"Fat-faced infant aged about nine who belongs to the new people in the flat upstairs," said Simpson. "They are a noisy family, and when they are not playing the radio at full

blast or using their vacuum-cleaner they spend their time playing pitch-and-toss with the piano . . . or that is what it sounds like. I went upstairs to complain the day after they arrived, and rather a nasty scene ensued. Big fellow, the father is, with a fine record in the Commandos in the War, and when I asked him with the utmost politeness whether he was training elephants in the front room he became quite truculent. 'At least,' he said, 'we don't keep a blacksmith's shop in the bedroom and shoe horses until four o'clock in the morning.'"

I could see the ex-Commando's point. I once lived for three months with Simpson and his typewriter. It is a 1907 model and ought properly to be fitted with some sort

of silencer. Simpson types with three fingers only, his strongest fingers, and when he gets excited about what he is writing he produces bangs like a series of pistol-shots. It was the typewriter that drove me in the end to seek other lodgings, because Simpson gets most of what he calls his ideas just about midnight, and likes to put them on paper while they are fresh in his mind.

"By this time," said Simpson, "I have got used to most of the ordinary noises from upstairs, but Ernest's tin trumpet was the last straw. He marched up and down the passage playing it, and as I was typing until half-past three this morning I did not feel that it was a good moment to complain to his father, so I made him a firm offer of a shilling for the thing, and he clinched the deal in the end for half a crown."

At that moment, from the passage outside, came a most dreadful noise, like a gramophone that has run down in the middle of a record.

Simpson paled.

"I can't stand *that*," he said. "So far as I can diagnose at this distance, it is Ernest with a mouth-organ. If the little gangster has a large stock of musical instruments and intends to sell them to me one by one at inflated prices he is going to be unlucky. Commando or no Commando, I shall complain to his father . . ."

He stalked out of the room, but I had only time to execute a couple of verses of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" on the tin trumpet before he returned, looking extremely crestfallen.

"Didn't the Commando apologize?" I asked.

"Far from it," said Simpson. "I met him on the stairs. He was in a towering rage and on his way down here to complain about my giving Ernest a mouth-organ, the mouth-organ being an instrument, apparently, for which the Commando has little admiration. I protested that I had *not* given Ernest a mouth-organ, but he said I had given him the money for it, which came to the same thing. Half a crown!" added Simpson, glumly; "I could have bought a new typewriter-ribbon for that."

D. H. BARBER



"Now look here, Mulligan, I've had about enough of your veiled insolence."

AT THE PLAY

The Late Edwina Black (AMBASSADORS)—*Young Wives' Tale* (SAVOY)

THE West End stage, which has more to offer at the moment than it has had for some time, was short of a good thriller until the shadow of *The Late Edwina Black* fell across

Both suspects have lied, but whatever the truth of *Edwina's* death it is clear they have not concerted it together, for their mood gradually changes from love to mistrust and then passes into bitter accusation. The core of the play is this study of doubt slowly dissolving confidence, killing affection in the process. No chance is lost by the authors to make our flesh creep, as when the oil lamp dies down and brings an ugly moment of hysteria; but the temptation to drag in artificial effects has been resisted and the writing is firm and discerning. Members of the jury may wonder whether the companion is not too sophisticated in view of the drab life she has led, and also whether a Victorian husband, however much he hated his wife, would see to her funeral in a grey suit. These are small points,

however, in Miss CHLOE GIBSON's otherwise consistent production.

The acting is capital. Miss CATHERINE LACEY and Mr. STEPHEN MURRAY make the lovers' relationship tensely exciting, Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY charmingly persuades us that policemen were far more fun before fingerprints clouded their minds, and Miss BEATRICE VARLEY's crabbed retainer comes authentically from a kitchen of very long ago. As a background Mr. JOHN GIBSON has assembled an absolutely smothering gaggle of Victoriana.

In *Young Wives' Tale*, Mr. RONALD JEANS suggests that rather than lose a nannie people will play ducks and drakes with their marriages and go to any length of make-believe.



(Young Wives' Tale)

Spinning the Yarn

Sabina Pennant—Miss JOAN GREENWOOD;

Rodney Pennant—Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE

it. This is a compact psychological whodunit set in a grim country house in 1895, with four characters, no guns, no writhing corpses, and only a single unconventional policeman. After a slow first act Messrs. WILLIAM DINNER and WILLIAM MORUM build up the suspense unflatteringly, laying down false trails that leave the intelligent guesser still intelligently guessing up to a satisfactory end. The characterization is slight, but the story has an emotional sincerity unusual in the theatrical abattoir.

A rich and grim old lady is discovered, just before her funeral, to have been poisoned, and suspicion falls on her brow-beaten husband and her unhappy companion, lovers who share equally in her will. The man from Scotland Yard, cheerfully alert in an enviable cape, presses his investigation discreetly.

It is a frivolous entertainment, buoyantly produced by Mr. MICHAEL MACOWAN, that would be greatly favoured by a good dinner and might be seriously stultified by a hurried bun. There are a number of agreeably idiotic situations, but neither Mr. JEANS' adroitness nor the acting of a game young cast can quite disguise declining effervescence in a treatment which is undecided between comedy and farce. Two couples, A and B, C and D, share a house. One of the wives, tough and practical, is determined to be free to keep her job; the other, a temperamental actress with the best intentions, kisses so indiscriminately that she is found by a treasure of a new nannie in the arms of the wrong husband. We therefore embark on an elaborate and only sometimes funny pretence that the formula is really A and D, C and B. On one side of the cot are Miss JOAN HAYTHORNE and Mr. DEREK FARR, on the other Miss JOAN GREENWOOD and Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE. I liked them all, though I found Miss GREENWOOD's gaspings and gesticulations as the actress infuriating until in a mysterious way they grew on me. They fit this part, but it would be a pity if they ever grew on Miss GREENWOOD. ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—*Globe*—Witty comedy by a poet.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

LOVE IN ALBANIA—*St. James's*—Linklater's lively satire.

THE MALE ANIMAL—*New*—Riotous Thurber.

TRAVELLER'S JOY—*Criterion*—Yvonne Arnaud penniless abroad.



(The Late Edwina Black)

Suspect

Gregory Black—Mr. STEPHEN MURRAY;
Henry Martin—Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY;
Elizabeth Graham—Miss CATHERINE LACEY

THE SPIRIT OF HUMOROUS ART

HUMOROUS art is always, and more intimately than other arts, of its own time. Full of animal spirits in the day of Gillray and Rowlandson, it presents, without restraint, the spectacle of the Georgian English, immensely fat (though, occasionally, grotesquely thin), gorging and guzzling, leering and ogling, subsiding under the table and falling downstairs.

The Victorian age arrives and eighteenth-century manners are not only dated but considered deplorable, even by so robust a humorist as Thackeray. Artists devote themselves to the immense system of respectable codes and standards that replaces the free-and-easy fashions of the *roué* and the squire. They find more humour in the misuse of a fork at the polite dinner-table than in the consumption of the fourth bottle. The admirable art of the great Charles Keene illustrates (as far as it is possible to illustrate) so delicate a scruple as that of Aunt Virginia who refuses to

get into a cab because the cabman has got Mistletoe in his hat "!!"

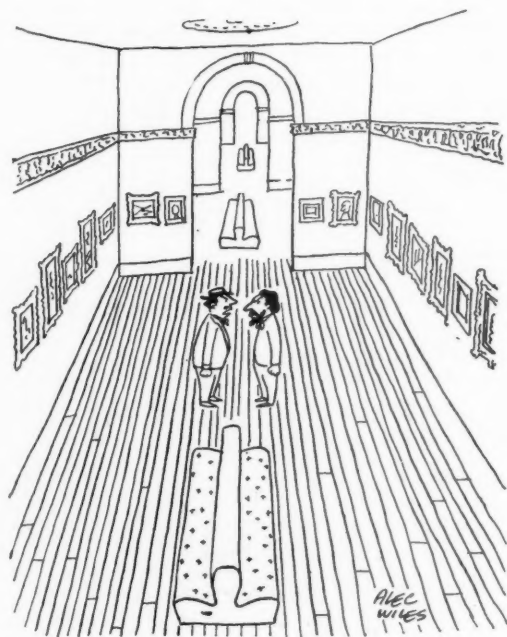
And now? Well, of course there has been another change, all the more noticeable because the age of speed (and so many other things) has quickened its pace. It is manifestly not an age in which a Rowlandson could picture enormous banquets: or one in which a Du Maurier could describe, with his wealth of leisured detail, the properties, appurtenances and solemnities of Sir Gorgius and Lady Midas. (There may, for all we know, be two or three families living in flats made out of Sir Gorgius's Kensington ball-room.) If, again, there is a Spartan economy in modern humorous art this also is the reflection of the time: and when artists turn, as they now sometimes do, to "escapist" fantasies, theirs, it may be said, is the touch of surrealism which makes the modern world kin.

The change of method is as notable as the altered conditions the artist depicts. Like painting,

humorous drawing is averse from the "literary." It has, that is to say, reduced the help of the written word to a minimum: rid itself, deliberately, of the "joke" which in the old days might occupy several lines of type and striven to make humour inherent in the drawing itself. It is a draughtsman's triumph when his work is so entirely self-explaining that it needs no title at all.

Such triumphs are included in the exhibition of Humorous Art which is on view, until the end of the month, at the premises of the Royal Society of Arts in John Adam Street, and represents successive phases from Rowlandson's day to our own. A survey of this kind provokes the question whether humorous art has changed for better or worse; or as Mr. H. M. Bateman put it in his Royal Society of Arts lecture, whether the "widening and unconventional development" of to-day is an advance or not. The nineteenth century remains the classic age of the artist-social historians, even though they were not always extraordinarily funny. Yet there is also much to be said for the selective and economical method of the present (which began, perhaps, with Phil May), the freedom of expression (which dates back to Lear). It is less informative in matters of detail: it errs sometimes in being too mechanical, but how often a laugh ripples along a pen line with the mysterious yet definite force of an electric current: how often an exquisite situation becomes evident in a few apparently simple strokes, when words would either fail to explain or even destroy it. Influenced by the tempo of the time the artists offer swift and witty effects—which suggest the flattering possibility that the general level of wits has sharpened; and it is the twentieth-century flavour of their work which will entitle some to a place with their ancestors in the national gallery of Humour, if (as Mr. Bateman urges) such a collection is ever established.

WILLIAM GAUNT



"... And I, sir, was studying the Monet you are standing directly in front of."

BOOKING OFFICE

Umbria and Wiltshire

AFTER a war there comes inevitably a crop of books about the adventures of young couples settling down in new circumstances, usually on the land. Already this harvest is being gathered, some of it rewarding, some only facetiously informative. Much the best specimen that I have read is Mr. James Wellard's account of how he and his wife took a small villa on the Appian Way, just outside Rome, and set themselves to learn the complicated but exciting art of living in Italy. It is called *The Ancient Way*, and is far more than a personal record because its author has a flair for inquiry and was from the start fascinated by the anomalies of the Italian character. (In the anarchy of the Italian nursery he traces the roots of much of the indiscipline of adult Italian conduct.) An English-born American citizen, he is by profession a newspaper correspondent and therefore quick to strip away the surface glamour from a persistently theatrical people; yet he is too intelligent to indulge in the pert summings-up of the international reporter and too genuinely a man of letters to approach the antique fashion of peasant life except with humour and understanding. After two years in his villa he finds himself still held by the magic of the country, though the degeneration of its public morals soon ceases, he suggests, to be funny. What he calls the alchemy of Italian venality is picturesque only to tourists.

All the worn and reluctant cogs in the Italian machinery of administration demand frequent lubrication with packets of cigarettes; without these even the postman loses interest and a host of minor but vital officials grows difficult, including the man who turns on the water illicitly in drought and his partner the inspector who arrives immediately to turn it off again. When for some larger purpose this outer crust of petty tyranny has to be penetrated the chaos in the maze of government is baffling indeed; Mr. Wellard's attempts to extract from it a birth certificate for his son proved an instructive comedy. More serious are the armed bands which systematically clean up the farmers' stock and oblige so humane a person as Mr. Wellard to keep a sub-machine gun loaded. In searching for recent causes of a lawlessness that has never of course been absent from Italy he hasn't much good to say of the behaviour of the rescuing troops, nor does he spare the native rich, who successfully melted Fascists, Nazis and Allies at their well-found tables and who now constantly bleat of communism while doing little to prevent it by making life less grim for their own poor.

On the other hand—and though this is certainly a critical book it isn't at all crabbing in spirit—there is, magnificently, Umberto and all he stands for. Honest, stubborn, incredibly industrious, a gargantuan eater of *pasta*, he is the Wellards' man-of-all-work, their *contadino*, and a fellow entirely lovable. He is happily married to a wife with whom he seldom speaks, and toil, food and family make up his contented life. All the author's missionary efforts to introduce into it the light

of western civilization have failed miserably. Umberto's diet remains gloriously unbalanced, his baby defiantly swaddled; and the defeat goes farther than that, for observing the freedom of the peasants from duodenal ulcers and how tirelessly they labour in spite of a deplorable innocence of vitamins, Mr. Wellard has himself taken to *pasta* in a big way. This is a wise book, reflecting a keen and tolerant mind. I think it would be worth getting if only to read the beautiful and touching account of the Wellards' state visit to Umberto's parents, who received them in the bare poverty of a hill village with the dignity of an old nobility.

Books about our own countryside continue to flow from the press in great numbers, among them Mr. A. G. Street's latest collection of essays, *Landmarks*. This is on a lower literary level than Mr. Wellard's work, and from parts of it one gets the feeling that the author, driven by justified popularity as a rural interpreter, has been here before a little too often. There is carelessness in the editing, as, for instance, in the use of the same rather special phrase, in no fewer than three essays, to describe hunting. At the same time Mr. Street writes of his Wiltshire farm, on which he had the good fortune to be born, with a knowledge and affection that command respect. He is that modern schizophrenic, the farmer who welcomes machinery because it makes his land pay and who yet deplors its effect on custom and character. If he is nostalgic, can we blame him?

ERIC KEOWN

The New Simenon

M. Simenon's detective novels used to be so much above the average in character drawing and topographical description that they could be read as straight fiction and compete on equal terms with any realistic writing of the time. His shady cafés among the derelict cranes of rotting ports, and the warped humanity of his criminals who preyed on the society which had created them, seemed like a literary transcription from the French cinema. More recently he has dropped the puzzle-plot and allowed his literary ambitions fuller



scope; his subject-matter is still, generally, crime or treachery, but not the unmasking of the character responsible. *Chit of a Girl* contains two short novels, one describing how the younger of two orphans converted her sister's lover into her own husband, the other tracing the career of a petty criminal up to his wrongful conviction for murder and giving a horrifying picture of French justice. Though vivid, assured and readable, they are not, somehow, very impressive. Now that background and psychology are no longer merely accessories, but the main material, the repetition of the formula becomes more obvious.

R. G. G. P.

A Father of the Republic

Jefferson the Virginian is the first of four volumes which Professor Dumas Malone, of Columbia University, is devoting to the life and times of one of the greatest of his countrymen. It brings the story to 1784, when Jefferson was little over forty; but, starting young, he was already the begetter of the Declaration of Independence and an imposing body of liberal legislation and had served a troubled term as Governor of his native state. Dr. Malone, however, does not confine himself to the statesman. In his lucid pages, at once minute and spacious, the ripe fruit of long and exhaustive study of innumerable documents, he exhibits the man in all his remarkable variety—as lawyer and humanist, musician and architect, landowner and family man. Nor, though a devout admirer of his hero, does he fail in the scholar's duty of criticism. His book, when completed, will be an outstanding contribution to historical biography.

F. B.

Eire's Capital

There are two ways of looking at Dublin. You may regard it—but in doing so, Mr. John Harvey feels, you are only showing your ignorance—as “the chief village of a weird, barbarous, sometimes amusing, but intensely aggravating native tribe.” Or you may see it as a capital with a notable past, and a present largely occupied with saving “what of Europe is worth saving” by its hospitality to “the escaping exiles of crushed

cultures.” Actually both attitudes have a measure of validity. Most Irish men of letters have betaken themselves and their own crushed culture overseas; for Eire offers more intellectual freedom to her guests than to her children—and is appropriately rewarded. Because her capital is deliberately regarded here as so much human environment—a setting for personality, not an economic strait-waistcoat—*Dublin*, which would otherwise have been only a notable addition to Messrs. Batsford's “City” series, becomes an argument for the art of living. The author's impressions are as roseate as the façades of the city's inimitable Georgian streets.

H. P. E.

Stay or Go?

In her latest novel, *The Moment of Truth*, Miss Storm Jameson sets her characters some problems. The scene is defeated England at the end of the next war. In a remote airfield, a pilot officer, a sergeant-pilot, a W.R.A.F. ferry-pilot and a fitter are waiting for the last aeroplane to fly them to America. Before it arrives five “V.I.P.s” with the right to priority seats (there will not be enough room in the machine) are sent to join them. Over the solving of this untidy problem the author allows her characters to speak for themselves, proving, according to the grace that is in them, their right to go or to stay. But although they do make out their own cases we are (unless I mistake Miss Jameson hopelessly) expected to sympathize more with the young Communist who proposes to help the Russian invaders than with the soldier who would have him shot as a traitor, and that (enthralled though we may be by an excellently told story) is too hard a price to pay for entertainment.

B. E. B.

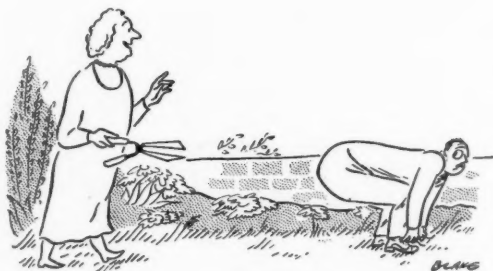
Books Reviewed Above

- The Ancient Way.* James Wellard. (Werner Laurie, 9/6)
Landmarks. A. G. Street; illustrated by D. Watkins-Pitchford. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12/6)
Chit of a Girl. Georges Simenon. (Routledge, 9/6)
Jefferson the Virginian. Dumas Malone. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21/-)
Dublin: A Study in Environment. John Harvey. (Batsford, 15/-)
The Moment of Truth. Storm Jameson. (Macmillan, 7/6)

Other Recommended Books

The Grand Design. John Dos Passos. (John Lehmann, 10/6)
 In the manner of the author's famous trilogy *U.S.A.*: a “documentary” novel about the office-holders in Washington, their mutual jealousies and their domestic troubles, from the start of the New Deal until 1943 or so. Readable, always interesting, not very profound.

A mixed bag of reprints: *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.* W. M. Thackeray. (Grey Walls Press, 10/6). Introduction by Derek Stanford; a tall, ample book with attractive open-looking pages and large type. *Travels Through France and Italy.* Tobias Smollett. (John Lehmann, 8/6). Introduction by Sir Osbert Sitwell; No. 30 in the Chiltern Library. *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Stories.* Oscar Wilde. (Unicorn Press, 8/6). Includes “The Canterville Ghost,” “The Sphinx Without a Secret,” “The Mad Millionaire” and “The Portrait of Mr. W. H.”—all the short stories Wilde wrote. *A Tale of Two Cities.* Charles Dickens. (Oxford University Press, 8/6). Handsome, handy volume of “The New Oxford Illustrated Dickens”—with the original illustrations by “Phiz,” remade from the original drawings. Introduction by Sir John Shuckburgh.



“Oh, by the way, dear, while you're down there . . .”

SESSION IN THE SUN

IT does not do to be too ingenuous in the film business, and I had accepted Mr. Zooniman's super-colossal garden-seat without turning a hair, even though I knew from the advertisements that the waterproof cover, a trifling accessory, sold at £36 15s. The seat—gay, bouncy and big, swinging massively from a cream steel superstructure—would accommodate four script-writers or three producers; but on this brilliant summer morning, when every prospect pleased and only the provisional draft master-scene script of "Saints and Swordsman" was vile, it accommodated just one script-writer and Mr. Brusk, the director designate. Between us there was room for about seven reams of good quality paper bound into a dozen or so stout covers and representing the work of many hands in trying to make box-office magnetism out of Miss Coohock's novel about Queen Anne. Under the arm of Mr. Zooniman, as he loomed in rich white flannels over the drink-wagon, was lodged what Mr. Brusk and I grimly hoped to be the final draft master-scene script, now entitled "Death at the Helm" (lately "Blood and Lace," etc., etc.). This we had been eyeing anxiously, and Brusk, breaking under the suspense, now jabbed two fingers towards it, splayed in that horizontal V-sign familiar to all who have seen camera-angles discussed.

"Did you read it?"

Mr. Zooniman's cigar bobbed. "Sure, sure." He prevented an ice cube from leaving the jug with a specially-shaped silver implement for preventing ice cubes from leaving jugs. Brusk cracked his knuckles nervously.

Miss Coohock's novel about Queen Anne had been acquired by some long-departed executive, and had since been collecting dust among the company's capital assets. Mr. Zooniman had been requested to do something about it, and had done plenty before Brusk and I had been called in, beginning by eliminating Queen Anne and transforming the leading character, a poet, into a pirate; a succession of talented hacks then produced a first, second

and third Draft Treatment Outline of the original synopsis (the book itself had been lost by this time), and a first, second and third Draft Continuity of the first, second and third Draft Treatment Outlines. Then there was a hold-up: a strike or an economy campaign or a policy switch or a sudden coldness in the American market; and apart from a few half-hearted rewrites which shifted the story into various centuries, one version embodying the ceremonial opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the thing was more or less forgotten—until a week ago, when things started "moving very fast" (in the film business this state of affairs alternates with absolute stagnation; there is nothing in between). For seven days Brusk and I had lived in each other's pockets and fallen asleep on each other's settees, and the result was under Mr. Zooniman's puissant right arm.

"You said sherry?" He handed me a cocktail, scooped the stack of scripts on to the lawn, and

collapsed heavily between us. "Sure, I read it," he said, and frowned ominously. We frowned, too. Brusk heeled the turf morosely and we swung—three frowning men in a horrid travesty of leisure.

"Well?" said Brusk.

"It's no good. Lord Carfax is a sissy!"

In the hush, Nature murmured drowsily. When the roar of the bees had become deafening, Brusk said:

"It's a Pimpernel-thing. An established character-formula. Always goes big."

"There's a strong scene on the staircase," I put in—"where he says to the Queen 'Take back thy ring! Thou canst not but —!'"

"No, no, no," said Mr. Zooniman. He heeled at the grass and we rocked in fierce enjoyment. "What we've got to do with Carfax is to —" He broke off, making round, moulding gestures, his thumbs turned back like bananas.

"It was the Duchess," said Brusk, playing for time, "not the Queen."



"Nothing better to do, Mr. Symes . . . ?"

"It was the Queen in the Third Treatment Outline," I said, "because, if you remember, we—"

Mr. Zooniman waved me down, making a punctured noise with tongue and teeth. "That was left over from the book; a vestigial remain. Point is, Carfax is a sissy."

"He's steel underneath," said Brusk.

"Got to be steel on top, somewhere." Mr. Zooniman scowled at his white buckskin toe. "Got to come out husky, rugged."

"But the whole character—" I began.

"For the States!"

Brusk fell back. "Oh," he said. "That."

"That," said Mr. Zooniman.

"Well," said Brusk. "There's a good moment when he opens the door and expects to find What's-his-name and it turns out to be Who-is-it."

Mr. Zooniman ignored this. "What we want is one of those twists where—" He moulded the air again, then stirred the heap of scripts with his foot. "We had it somewhere once. Somewhere in about the Third Draft Continuity."

"I know," I said. "Where Carfax had a dust-up with the Duke of Thanet."

"Only we lost Thanet in the

new Draft Treatment Outline," said Brusk. "It was in the sea-fight. We threw the sea-fight out."

"Throw it back in," said Mr. Zooniman.

"We couldn't," I said boldly, "without making the whole thing Regency again. That was the—"

"There was a fine coach-chase in the Regency version," said Mr. Zooniman obdurately. "We could throw that back in, too."

"Who's going to play Carfax?" I intervened quickly, before things had disintegrated too far. I could already see Brusk and me starting afresh with ninety sheets of virgin foolscap. "If the actor could—"

"Vernon Zasco," said Brusk, catching on. "When I used him in 'Stout Cortez'—"

Mr. Zooniman shouted.

"It's a story problem, not a casting problem! *Carfax-is-a-sissy!*"

Brusk cracked all the knuckles of both hands. The bees bumbled. The heat haze trembled over the distant banks of larkspur.

"Carfax must die, defending Lady Isobel's honour at the end of Sequence K. A hero's death. His character vindicated."

It was my voice, speaking with quiet confidence. The effect on Mr. Zooniman was surprising. He

leaped from the seat, waving his arms in broad gestures towards the drink-wagon.

"Zingo!" he yelled exultantly. "Enter What's-his-name! Carfax mortally wounded, lying on the rug! 'He saved my honour,' cries Lady Thingummy. 'To think we thought he was a sissy! Oh, my darling!' Camera pans her into the other chap's arms. Two-shot. Flash of Carfax, bubbling blood. 'You spurned my love,' he cries, 'but I give my life. And I'm glad, glad!' His head falls back. Camera tracks in. Music swells. End of picture!"

He wiped his face on a yellow silk handkerchief.

"You never told me you were an ideas man," he said. "How did you manage to dream that up?"

"Yes, how?" said Brusk, pale with admiration.

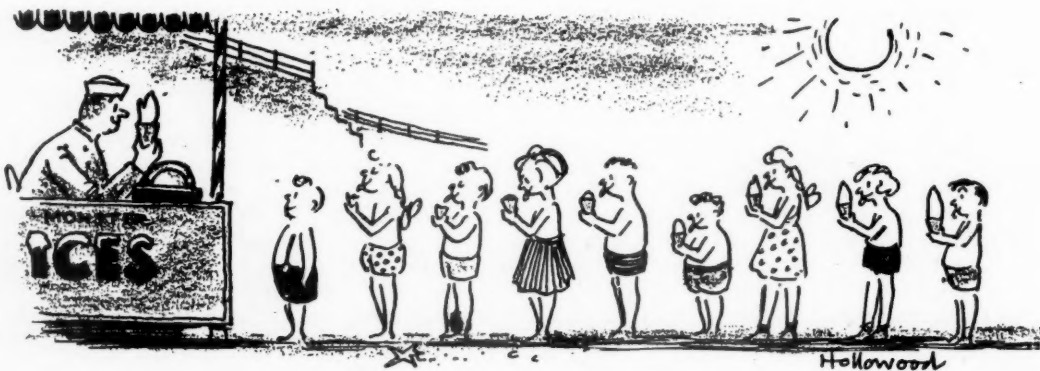
"As a matter of fact," I said, "it was—"

But something warned me, and I finished with an eloquent, moulding gesture. It does not do to be too ingenious in the film business. Why should I tell them that I had been reading the book?

J. B. BOOTHROYD

"Yorkshire Copper Works Band."
"Radio Times"

Yes, our policemen are wonderful.



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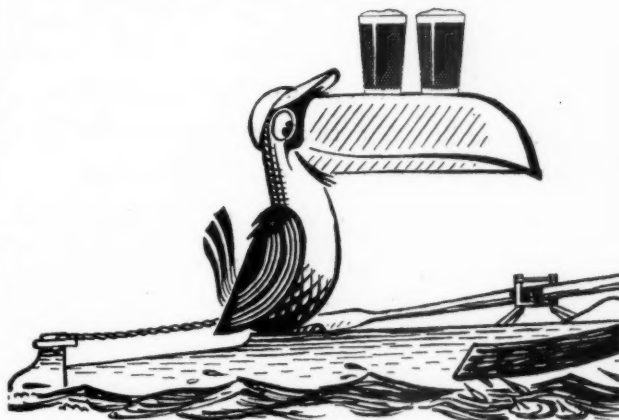
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"In training," says the Toucan,
"Guinness is good for crew,
"And many a rowing blue can
"Tell you what Toucan do."



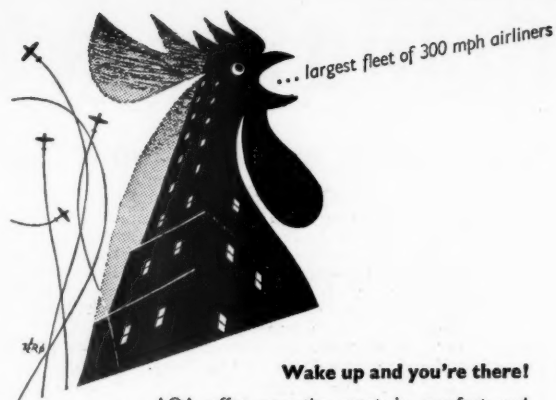
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[yōō-nēk']

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THICK
or
CLEAR
sir?



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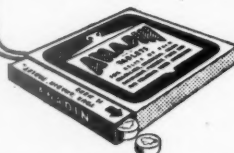
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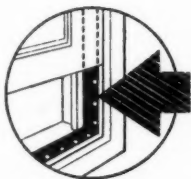


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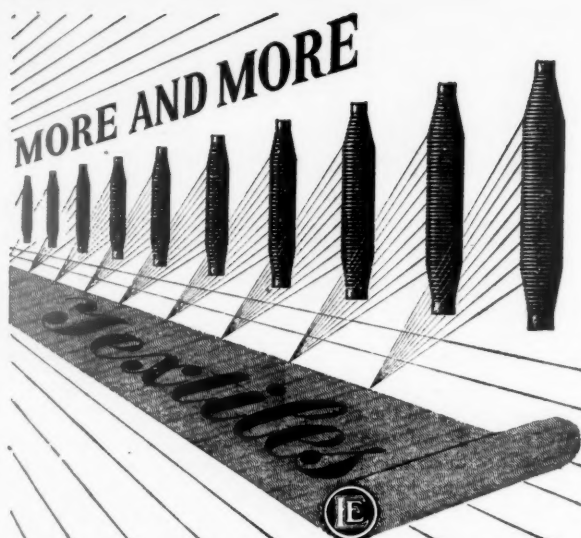
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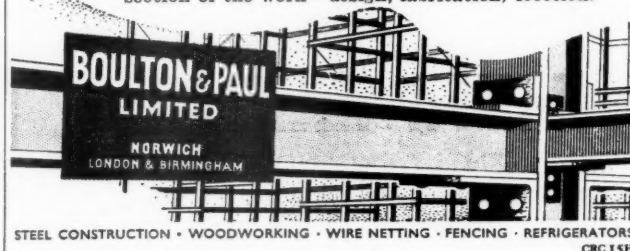
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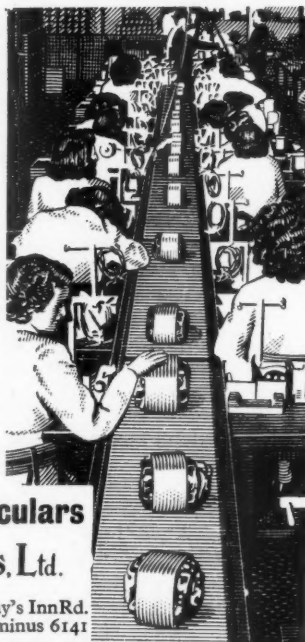
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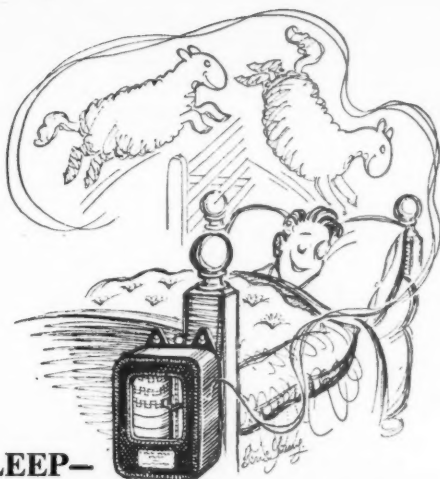
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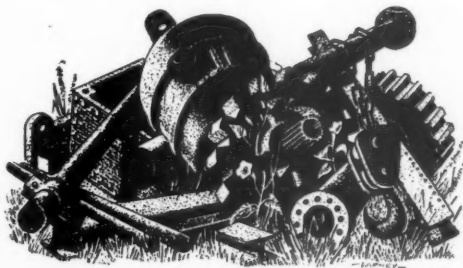
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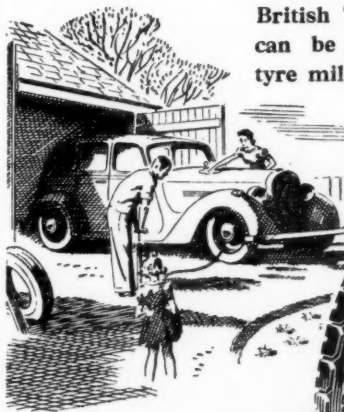
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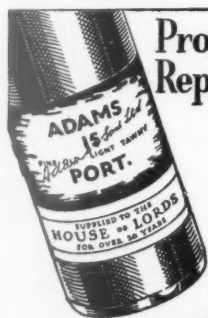
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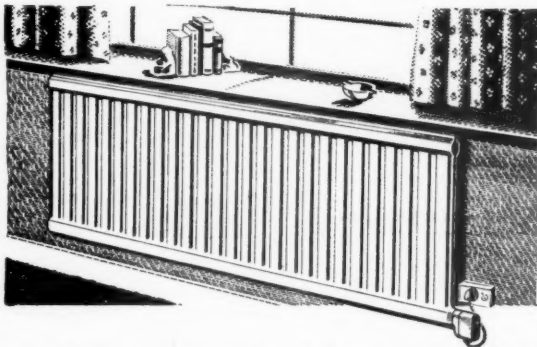
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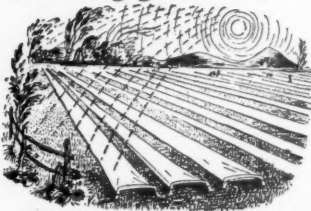
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the bright green meadows at Randalstown, Northern Ireland, where Old Bleach linens are laid out on the grass until the sun turns them slowly white. This is Nature's way of bleaching, and is one of the reasons for the lasting beauty of Old Bleach household linen.

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JOY. Oh joy for the Mayfair Twins! Good fortune has come their way in the shape of a goodly supply of **MAYFAIR Toffees and Chocolates**... the sweets they prefer above all others, because they are nicer, daintier, more delicious than ever before... and such wonderful value!

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*is best
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Created for those who value distinction and look for an unusual degree of quality in their toilet accessories . . . Cussons Imperial Leather, Apple Blossom, and Linden Blossom Toilet Powders and the famous White Cross Baby Powder.

TOILET POWDERS BY

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Optical discovery allows you to see right through reflected glare



HERE AT LAST is a way to cut out summer glare without dimming the things you want to see. Ordinary sun glasses darken everything you look at. Only with Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields can you see every detail and colour. They are comfortable to wear and absolutely safe for your eyes.

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The "66" Sunshield (as illustrated)—15/6 plus 1/2 P. Tax. Many other models available and in a wide range of colours.



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DAY GLASSES & SUNSHIELDS

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HOW POLAROID GLASSES WORK

- Bright white light from the sun strikes a coloured surface.
- Some rays bounce off as white glare; others are reflected to the eye as useful 'seeing' rays that show the colour and detail of the surface.
- Ordinary tinted glass dims the glare and the useful 'seeing' light as well.
- Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields cut out annoying white glare, but let the 'seeing' light pass through—thus revealing all the detail and full colour.

Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields from opticians, chemists and leading stores.

UNDERWEAR TYPES

The Schoolboy Howler . . .



*His vests and pants have shrunk until
They're little brother's size;
When changing how he dreads the gaze
Of scornful schoolmates eyes!*



*Contrast him with Young Wolsey now,
Athletic, keen and trim
In underwear that's Duo-Shrunk—
No shrinking hampers him!*

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DUO-SHRUNK UNDERWEAR

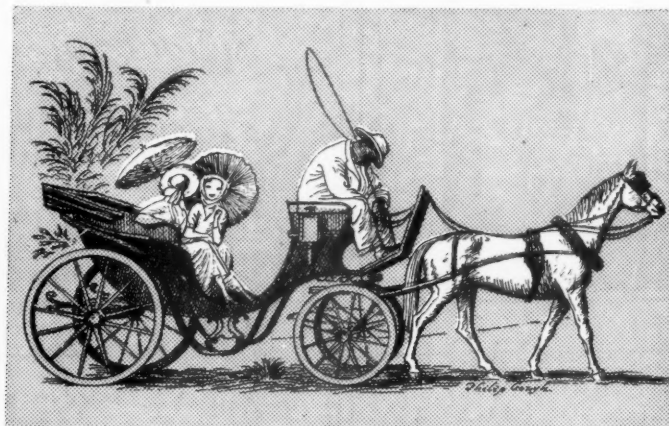
Ryvita and Marmalade

for breakfast



BETTY NATURALLY THINKS ABOUT HER FIGURE—that's why she has Ryvita and Marmalade with her breakfast every morning.

Healthy people have Ryvita every day



NO BUSES for BERMUDA—Until...

AN enterprising business man from Hamilton in Bermuda, came to the Cowley factory of Nuffield Exports Ltd. one day and said he had permission to start the first bus service on the island.

THAT meeting at Cowley meant the opening of a new era of transport for Bermuda. The enterprising business man placed an order for a fleet of Morris-Commercial 32-seaters and the first bright new buses began threading their way through the banana groves and in and out of Hamilton, the capital with a population that would only half fill the Royal Albert Hall in London. In fact you could take all the people, coloured as well as

white, in the 15 inhabited islands of the Bermuda group, put them in the Wembley Stadium and there would still be seats left for another 50,000.

You might think there weren't enough people in Bermuda to justify starting a bus service, but if you were a Bermudan and had been rolling around in a gari, or dragging your tired feet along those hot, dusty roads whenever you wanted to go for a bathe or a bottle of rum, the prospect of a ride in a brand new bus would be restful indeed.

So the Bermudan Bus Service is very busy—and so, incidentally, is the Nuffield Organization. Bermuda is only one of 83 different

territories overseas which between them have bought 52,000 Nuffield Vehicles in the past 12 months.

THE pity is that our Motor Car factories still cannot devote a fair proportion of their energies to providing you with a new motor car at home here just as quickly as you might like it.

BUT how glad we're all going to be in a year or two's time to find that firms like Morris, Wolseley, Riley, M.G. and Morris-Commercial—of the Nuffield Organization—have done so much to lay the foundations of a prosperous overseas trade that, after all, brings a bit more fat and comfort into the lives of *every one of us*.

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